

**"It's No Fun Being
Funny"**

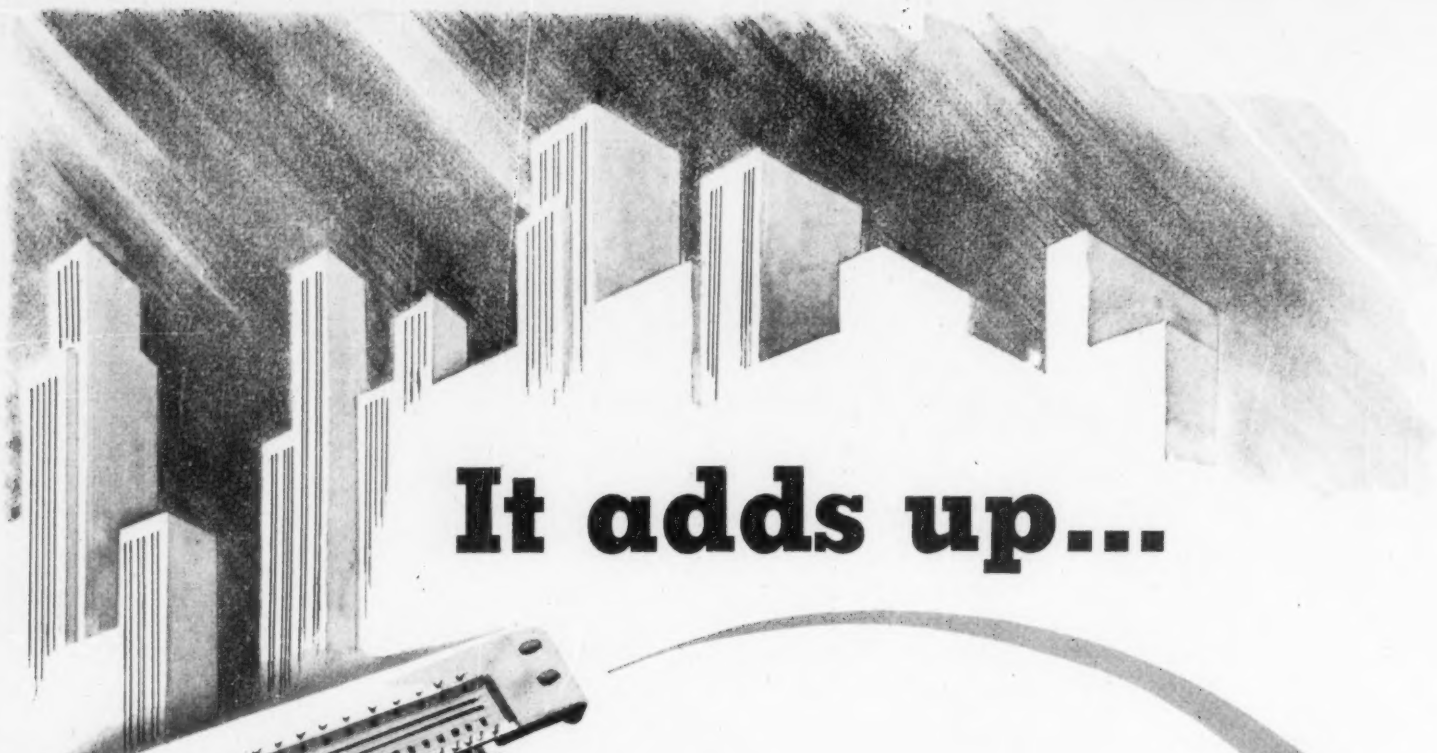
WAYNE & SHUSTER
tell their own story

Karsh Photographs Calgary

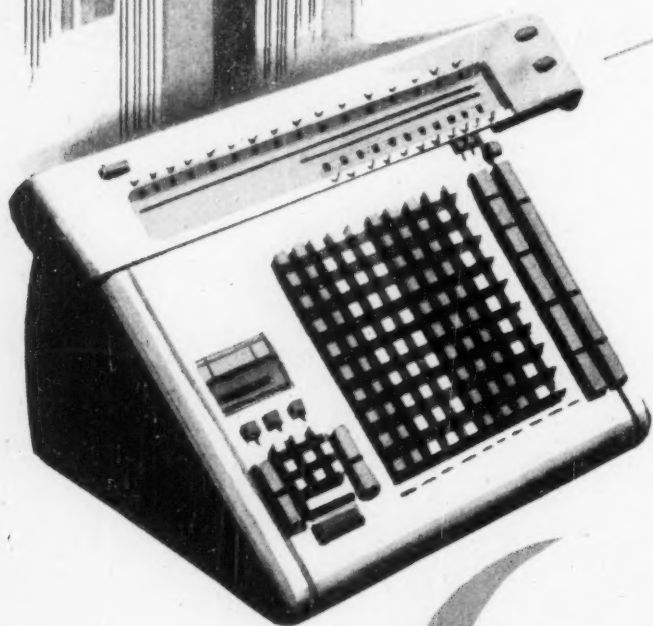
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EDITORIAL

SHOULD WE TELL THE KIDS ABOUT ROBIN HOOD?

FOR THE 1953 championship in logic and consistency we nominate Mrs. Thomas J. White, of Indianapolis. Mrs. White is the Republican member of the Indiana State Textbook Commission who wants the story of Robin Hood removed from the schools "because it promotes Communist doctrine."

If you accept the principles and premises of censorship, you must admit she's right. Whether it's Communism or not, Robin Hood's habit of robbing the rich to give to the poor is certainly undesirable conduct. As the present-day Sheriff of Nottingham remarked, if Jolly Robin were alive now we'd probably call him a gangster, and we don't want our children taught to be like him.

Therefore, according to the major premise of censorship—that the reader is a helpless, inert victim whose judgment is no defense against anything he reads—Mrs. White's plea to ban Robin Hood is absolutely sound.

Indeed, she might well go further. Huckleberry Finn's standard of veracity is lamentable, and he has only a rudimentary grasp of the sacredness of private property. Little Jack Horner is boastful, greedy, and has very bad table manners. Goldilocks (and Santa Claus too, come to think of it) behave as if there were no such thing as a law against housebreaking. No sensible parent would want his children to imitate these examples.

Why, then, should they not all be banned?

It's not enough to answer that such a ban would be absurd. Perhaps if Mrs. Thomas J. White had a weaker sense of logic and a stronger sense of humor she might have noticed that her suggestion had something comic about it. But the absurdity of a conclusion does not necessarily mean there's anything wrong with the reasoning that led to it. Euclid uses the *reductio ad absurdum* to demonstrate, not any flaw in the reasoning, but a fallacy in the hypothesis.

Mrs. White's reasoning is water-tight. It's her premises that have exposed her to so much irreverent mockery.

For the reader is not, in fact, the pliant imbecile that the censor imagines him to be. He can read Robin Hood without being inspired to ambush a bishop. He can also read Rabelais without becoming either a lecher or a sot, and Karl Marx without becoming a Communist.

He not only can but he must do something of this kind if he is to develop any intellectual sinew. A mind nourished wholly on the edifying and the orthodox is like a set of teeth nourished wholly on pap.

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MAILBAG



BRITANNIA ON THE BENCH

As much as I enjoyed Eric Hutton's article, *The Terrible-Tempered Judge Chevrier* (Oct. 15), I was surprised to learn that British justice is being dispensed in Canada by such an apparently soft-headed individual as Chevrier. I was amazed to find a Justice of the Ontario Supreme Court put so much stock in such obviously superficial evidence as how a person dressed. Chevrier is quoted as saying "... It is by his clothes that a man reveals his attitude." Has he not heard the old saw (he that is such a proponent of tradition) that "clothes do not make the man?" Chevrier might be interested to know that gambler-racketeer Frank Costello, before imprisonment, was always immaculately dressed. —Edward H. Milner, Toronto.

● The ridiculous article about Judge Chevrier makes me so mad I could twist his neck. I'm not at all surprised when he says he has many enemies. The great majority of Canadians are hoping that very soon Canada will become independent and possess a true wholly Canadian flag. Then along comes this Judge Chevrier who tells us that we Canadians should continue belonging to a foreign country and keeping a foreign flag. It's about time Canada had her independence and a flag we can call our own. —M. R. Daoust, Zenon Park, Sask.

Later Than He Thinks

On receiving the Nov. 15 copy of your magazine I discover it dated "Nov. 15, 1952." Kindly remind your



typesetter that he is one year older than he figures, as it was Nov. 1953. —R. Fairhurst, Hope, B.C.

Old-Fashioned But Nice

In David MacDonald's *The Toughest Boat Afloat* (Nov. 15) I would like to point out that the good ship SS Prince Edward Island has far more merit than given credit for. Far from being "a tired relic of 1915 vintage," she is considered the only thing that kept P. E. I. from starving from World War I through World War II. While the Abegweit has certain attributes that the old "P. E. I." naturally lacks, there are many, possibly a majority, who prefer the older ship. She's old-fashioned, but nice. —John J. Holmes, Wolfville, N.S.

● I have read with interest the reference to the Minto and Captain John L. Read, and to the near mutiny on the trip to Archangel, Russia. When the Minto was sold to the Russian

government in 1915 I was promoted to second engineer for the trip to Russia. I wish to say we had an extremely rough trip, and food was running low, but at no time did I hear of a mutiny or of anyone being put in chains or of the captain pulling a gun on anybody. I feel the mutiny statement is an insult to crew members of the trip. —Percy G. Deal, Mount Uniacke, N.S.

Caught in the Kilt

In the story on Ralph Connor and His Million-Dollar Sermons (Nov. 15), I am amazed to find that Beth Paterson refers to the reverend gentleman as having preached in "kilts." How did



he manage it? The Highland garb is a kilt and he would no more wear kilts than he would go down the street wearing overcoats and hats. —A. J. Haugen, Red Deer, Alta.

● I am delighted to see Ralph Connor's life and books reviewed. I've often thought lately how nearly his works and books seem forgotten. —Chas. M. Webster, Leaside, Ont.

From Out of the Hat

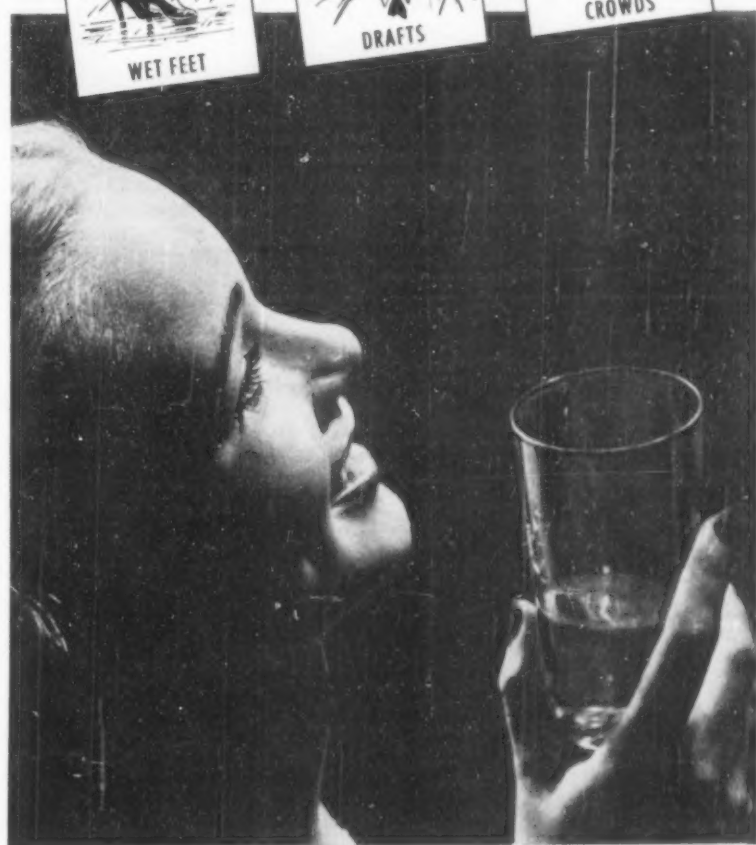
I enjoyed Robert Collins' story about Medicine Hat (Nov. 1). I remember clipping this verse from a New York paper; the poet had evidently heard of Medicine Hat for the first time. He asked:

Medicine Hat, up where you're at
How does your mercury show?
Do you shiver and freeze
Up there in the breeze
In your city of forty below?

—Grace Luckhart, Hollyburn, B.C.

● I am rather disappointed that Collins failed to mention the boat, *City of Medicine Hat*, which was built either in 1907 or 1908 by Capt. H. H. Ross, owner of one of the hotels in Medicine Hat. In 1908 Capt. Ross decided to take his ship around to Winnipeg. He got a party together and started off on the long trip down the Saskatchewan River to Lake Winnipeg. However he did not reach that for he failed to measure the bridge at Saskatoon. He got foul of it and it swung him crosswise on one of the piers, breaking the boat in two. She was around one hundred feet long, twenty-five feet beam and could sleep approximately thirty-six persons. I happen to be one of the men who built her. —E. McFarlane, Vancouver. ★

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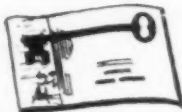
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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Some Predictions and a Prayer

THERE IS only one thing certain about the year 1954—it will be interesting. Perhaps one might venture a little further into prophecy and declare that it will be unusually interesting. At any rate, why not flatter the brat while we are at it?

Philosophers have always contended that man is fortunate in not being able to see into the future. Since we are such stuff as dreams are made on it is perhaps as well that we cannot see too far along the never-ending flight of days. To dream is sometimes better than to know.

Yet I cannot accept the philosophy that tomorrow is hidden by an impenetrable curtain. It has been said in relation to human life that character is destiny. Most of us have seen men whose future is written on their faces. "He'll go far," or "He'll come to no good," are platitudes of day-to-day prophecy.

Therefore, I do not think that the mewling infant 1954 is entirely unpredictable. The poor little blighter is as subject to the influences of heredity as any other baby.

So, without any hesitation, we can say that 1954 will be a year of trouble, disappointment, upheaval and frustration. Nothing can be more certain than that science will continue to find new and better methods of prolonging life and ending it. On the other hand science will not be able to cure the common cold.

Let us look into the crystal more closely. I see trouble coming from Germany, Russia, China, France, Egypt and perhaps Ireland. There will be misunderstandings between Washington and London. Canada, on the other hand, will be proclaimed the country of the future. Youth is Canada's oldest tradition and long may it remain so.

The biggest problem will be Russia. Let no one envy Mr. Malenkov for he has the No. 1 tough job of the world. Two things terrify him by day and rob him of sleep by night. He has to choose between the enmity or the friendship of the Western world, and either can destroy him.

For the first time in history the democracies are armed in advance. If there were a war Russia would inflict terrible damage on the West but Russia herself would be reduced to a vast horrific graveyard. Therefore it would seem a reasonable deduction that the Kremlin will not make war on a grand scale in the year 1954.

But will she wage peace? Again, looking into the crystal, I see no fluttering dove. A despotic form of government can only hold down a people if it convinces them that the outside world is planning to destroy them or that the outside world is collapsing because it will not adopt the same way of life as the people living under the despotic system.

If Malenkov took the gamble of friendship with the West and allowed the free mingling of his people with ours he would find that tyranny cannot and dare not breathe the air of liberty. If it did, it would die like a fish panting out its life on dry land. Therefore Mr. Malenkov has to keep on persuading his people that the West is collapsing and, at the same time, planning war against the Soviet. Even if washed down with vodka that must be pretty hard to take.

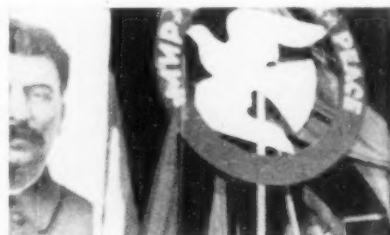
I predict then that Mr. Malenkov will find 1954 a very troublesome affair and that our nerves will be strained from time to time as a result.

But let us look on the sunny side. Here is our great friend and ally the mighty United States of America. Shakespeare said that the evil that men do lives after them. True enough—but so does the good. For example, the whole civilized world owes a deep debt to Mr. Truman as the greatest little man of modern times.

Never have wisdom, magnanimity and self-interest been so splendidly knit together as under his administration. Compare his plan of Marshall Aid at the end of the Hitler war with 1919 when the administration at Washington declared that war debts were more sacred than human sacrifice. The European war of 1939 was made inevitable by the U. S. blunders of 1919.

Let us in the year 1954 thank God that America has come of age. Truman's swift answer to the threat in Korea made Christendom a coherent whole.

Continued on page 38



Dove will fly in 1954, but still, alas, on course set by Uncle Joe.



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

Gouzenko, White and Pearson

NOTHING in recent years has so damaged the friendly relations between Ottawa and Washington as the introduction of Canadian names into the current American spy hunt.

Personal attacks on L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, are regarded here as an attempt at blackmail by Senator William Jenner's subcommittee on internal security. They came just after Canada turned down the Jenner committee's request to come to Canada and examine Igor Gouzenko, the one time Soviet cipher clerk who exposed a Communist spy ring in Canada eight years ago.

Attacks on Pearson were launched by an obscure writer named Victor Lasky in a speech at Mamaroneck, N.Y., but it's believed here that Lasky was acting as mouthpiece for Jenner or for Robert Morris, the subcommittee's counsel. Lasky quoted Elizabeth Bentley, the informer who used to be a courier for a Soviet spy ring, as testifying that "while she did not know Mr. Pearson personally, he had always been an excellent source of information when she was spy queen in Washington."

Elizabeth Bentley did, on at least one occasion, give some purely hearsay testimony against Pearson. She said she had heard (she didn't say from whom) that he gave some information (she didn't say what) to some unnamed third party.

But this particular bit of Bentley testimony had never before been made public. She gave it to the Jenner subcommittee in a closed session. Ottawa takes it for granted that either Jenner or Morris gave Lasky a copy of the transcript, as

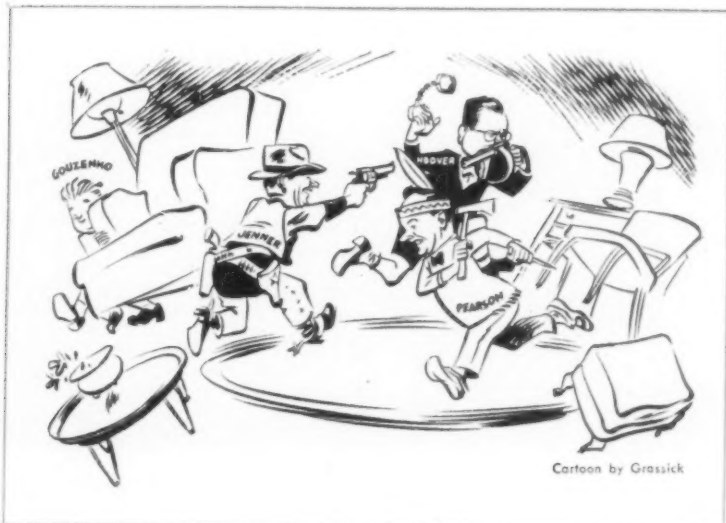
a way of putting pressure on the Government of Canada.

The day after Lasky uttered his carefully phrased smear against Pearson, the Jenner subcommittee made a second request to come up and hear Gouzenko.

WITH THE WISDOM of hindsight it's easy to criticize the way that first request was handled in Ottawa. Canada's reply did not make it clear that Igor Gouzenko is now a free Canadian citizen who can go where he likes and talk to anyone he likes. Restrictions on Gouzenko's liberty are purely advisory. The RCMP is still responsible for his personal safety, and it may advise him that a certain course of action would be dangerous. But Gouzenko can and often does ignore its advice.

One such occasion was the interview he gave to this magazine last summer. The Mounties thought it was risky and told him so. Gouzenko didn't agree. With his new novel almost ready for publication, he thought it would do him good to be back in the public eye after several years of obscurity. Later Eugene Griffin of the Chicago Tribune made similar appointments with Gouzenko by writing to him in care of his Canadian publishers.

If the Jenner subcommittee merely wanted information from Igor Gouzenko it could easily have sent a man up to talk to him. If on the other hand the Jenner subcommittee wanted publicity—an international junket guaranteed to put it on every American front page—the Canadian Government did not wish to co-operate. *Continued on page 40*



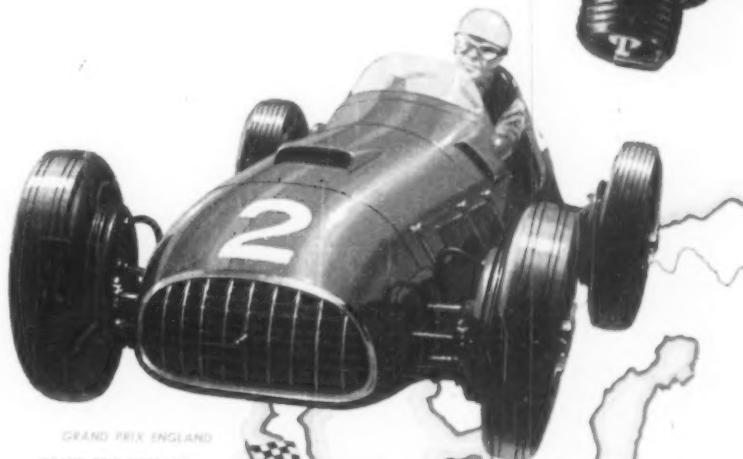
Cartoon by Grassick

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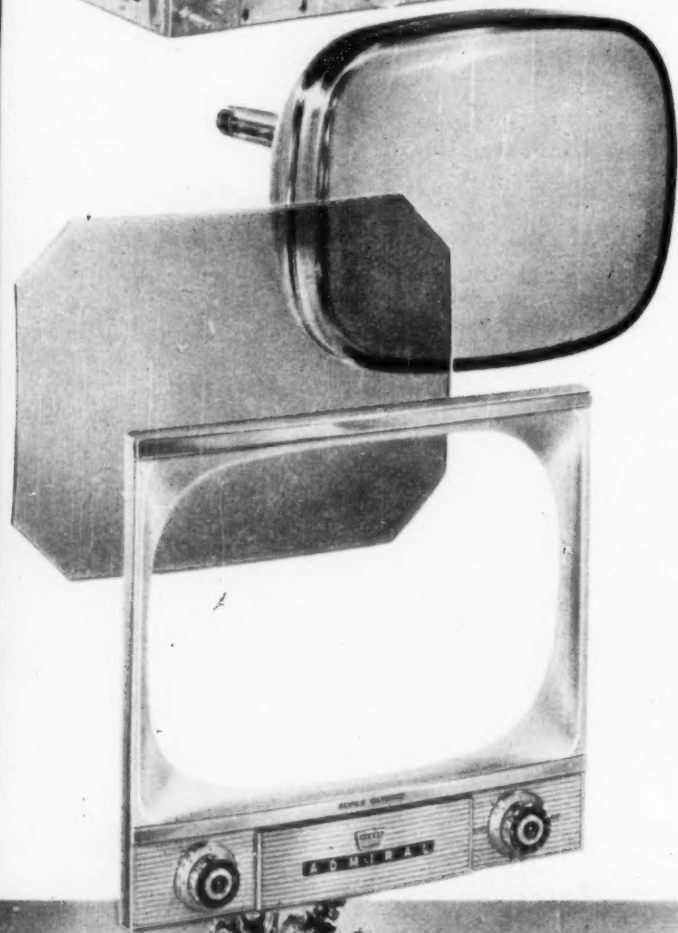
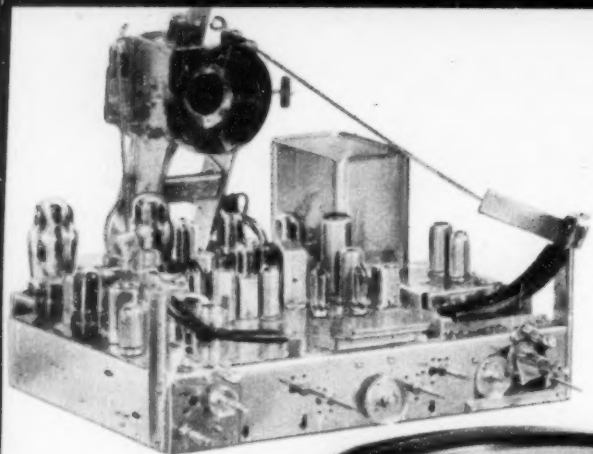
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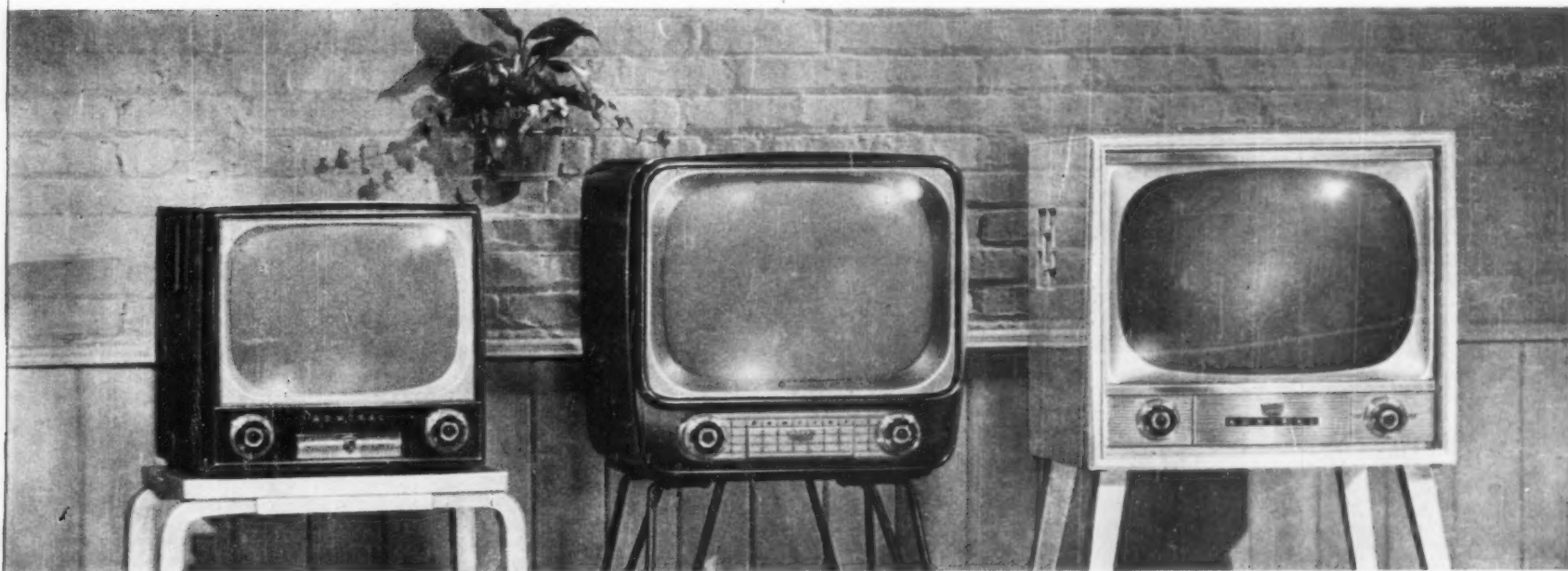
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... then your wife can have her new furniture while you get your new car.

That's what the more than 80,000 Canadians who now drive Austin will tell you.

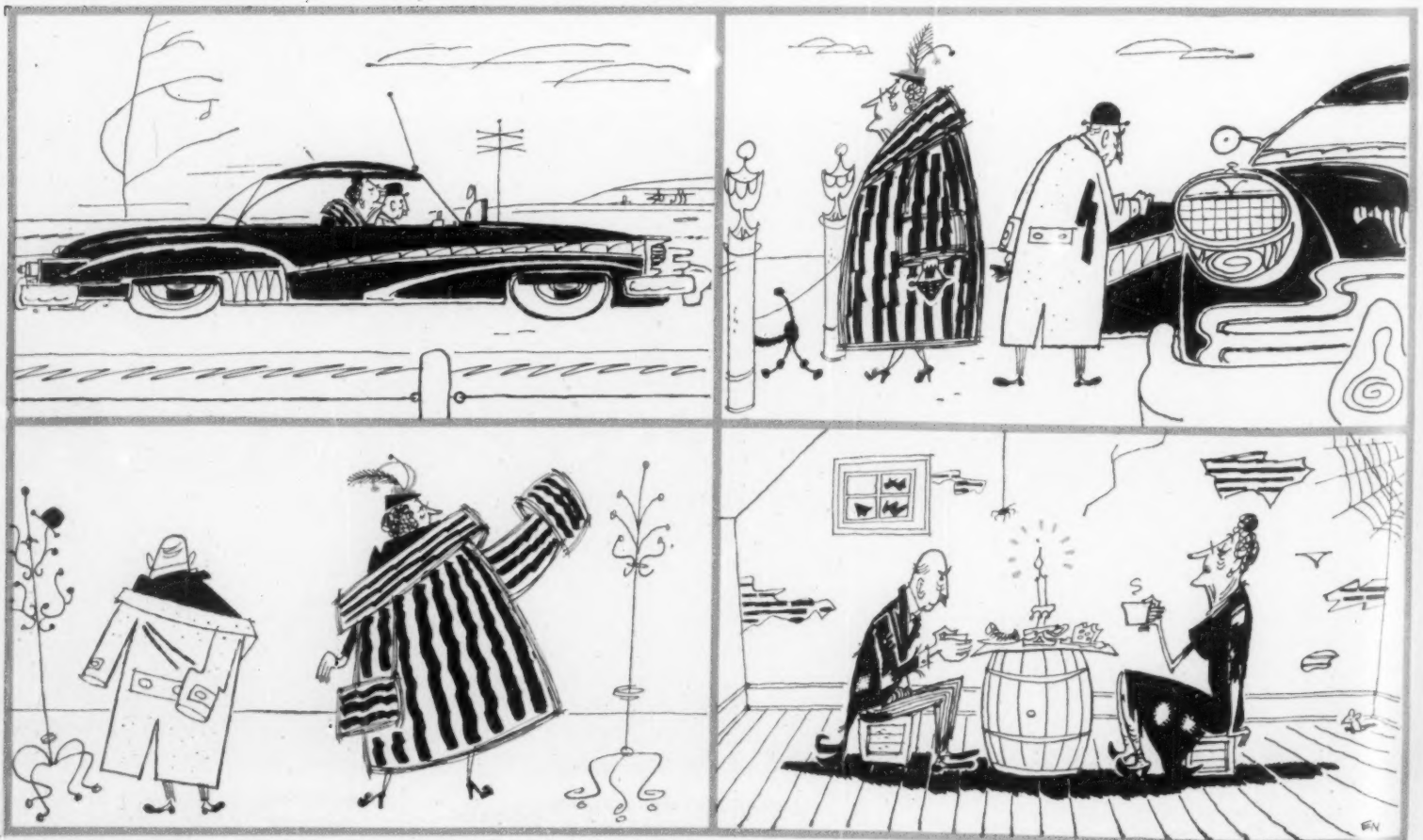
And they'll tell you lots more—with an enthusiasm that's really genuine. For they've discovered that Austin's half century of experience in building comfort and performance into the light car has worked a revolution in motoring.

It's the sort of revolution that remains a constant source of satisfaction and sur-

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And there's surprise that never really wears off in the smooth, quiet, agile way your Austin performs.

So why don't you study the economies and special values of the light car as brought to modern perfection by Austin. Call your nearby Austin dealer and ask for a demonstration. P.S. There are no extras to buy when you buy Austin. The low price includes *everything*.



"ANY MORE NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE?"

By asking this question Roy Thomson has bought more papers than any other Canadian in history. Now he has broken into Britain by buying Edinburgh's famous Scotsman and even Sir Winston Churchill has taken notice

BY LESLIE F. HANNON

THE announcement last Sept. 2 that Roy Herbert Thomson, a fifty-nine-year-old Toronto multi-millionaire, had bought the Scotsman, one of the most important newspapers in the world, and that he was going to run it himself fell like a bombshell among newspapermen, publishers and politicians on both sides of the Atlantic. The general public at home took the news more calmly—it was just another of the mounting proofs that there's no telling how far a hardworking Canadian boy can go.

Ten years ago Thomson owned one minor Canadian daily, the Timmins Press, and three Ontario radio stations—in North Bay, Timmins and Kirkland Lake. Today he controls twenty-three papers in three countries. His Canadian chain stretches from the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph, to the Moose Jaw Times-Herald, to the Vancouver News-Herald, with the heaviest concentration in the smaller centres of Ontario. With the Scotsman he acquired its sister Edinburgh papers, the Evening Dispatch and the Weekly Scotsman. In the United States he owns the Independent in St. Petersburg, Fla. He holds a forty-nine percent interest in two other Canadian radio stations at Kingston and Peterborough, Ont.—Sen. Rupert Davies is the major shareholder—and he and Davies plan to enter the television field soon.

Thomson's Scottish purchase was more than just another milestone in his astonishing career: in one stroke this son of a Toronto barber who still has to be reminded to buy a new suit once in a while became an international figure of power and portent. The Scotsman is considered an extremely influential paper and is often referred to as "The Times of the North."

When Lord Beaverbrook told Sir Winston Churchill that Thomson had just bought the Scotsman, Churchill's first remark

As president of the Canadian Press, Thomson joins St. Laurent at inauguration of CP's French-language service in Oct. 1952.



Thomson reads the front-page ads in the Scotsman. In twenty years he has acquired twenty-three papers in three countries.

was, "What are his politics?" Beaverbrook was able to reassure Churchill because less than a month earlier Thomson had come close to winning York Centre, a suburban Toronto riding, for the Progressive Conservatives in the Canadian federal election.

For himself, Beaverbrook said, "Roy, I was the Canadian boy who came over here and became the biggest publisher—now you've eclipsed me." Thomson accepted the flattery but no one knows better than he does that one of Beaverbrook's papers, the Daily Express, which has a Scottish edition, has nearly ten times the circulation of all the Thomson papers combined.

The shock of the Thomson invasion prompted editorials in papers all over the English-speaking world. The British trade journal, World's Press News, said the acquiring of so venerable and important a newspaper by a Canadian sounded to many British journalists "like the lifting of the Stone of Scone in reverse." To the intellectual and professional people who form the core of the Scotsman's fifty-five thousand circulation—mainly men who carry the paper to

Continued on page 42



Wayne (left) and Shuster sweat over their weekly script, while neighbors listen vainly for gunpowder explosions and shrieks of mad laughter.

It's No Fun Being Funny

The neighbors and even their own kids expect a gag a minute from Canada's top comedians who insist they're just nine-to-five businessmen. Nevertheless, their tailor keeps showing them suits with loud checks and baggy knees

BY JOHNNY WAYNE AND FRANK SHUSTER

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

ONE TIME when we were fishing in a Muskoka lake a friend of ours pulled up to our canoe in his outboard long enough to say hello and to introduce us to someone in the boat with him. When he gunned off for shore he made the common mistake of thinking that he couldn't be heard above the noise of his motor. As a result, when he was a few yards from us, he sat there shouting to his passenger in a voice audible for about twenty miles: "That's Wayne and Shuster, the radio team. You know, off the air, they're the dumbest characters I've ever met."

It's not often we get it so clearly. But it just about sums things up. People get the idea that a comedian is a bagful of gags in a loud check suit, that a gag man is a gag man twenty-four hours a day.

Actually, we're a couple of Babbitts. We live within three blocks of one another in Toronto's Forest Hill district, surrounded by flowers, shrubs, lawns, taxes and children. The nearest we come to acting like comedians is when we trip over tricycles in the driveway.

We work at home, regular office hours, five days

a week, eight hours a day, with an hour and a half for lunch. The half-hour weekly Wayne and Shuster show that is our bread and butter is broadcast Thursday evening over thirty-three stations on the CBC's Trans-Canada network. Thursday afternoon we take the script we've written to the studio and go over it with the other people in our group: Terry Dale, our vocalist; Samuel Hersenhoren, our musical director; Johnny Dobson, our arranger; Jackie Rae, our producer; Don Bacon and Dave Tasker, our technicians; our actor-announcer, Herb May; and feature player

Eric Christmas. Every other working day the two of us meet at 9 a.m. dressed like any other businessmen, make dull remarks to each other, like "Hi, John," or "Morning, Frank," and go through that coma of blinking and warming up to the day's labor.

One of us yawns, sits down at the typewriter and peers at the rough script where we left off the day before. Say it's the parody we did on *Lost Weekend: Comic Books Anonymous*. The one at the typewriter says something like: "Well, we're up to that part where the Disneymaniac has become a slave to comic books and his friend tries to snap him out of it." He quotes the last lines we have written—

SHUSTER: *You have to break this habit—it's destroying you.*

WAYNE: *Go on, I can read you under the table any time.*

SHUSTER: *No you can't. You must make up your mind that you've got to give up comic books.*

WAYNE: *Well, can I just have one for the road?*

We sit in silence, wondering where we should go from there. Finally, one of us says: "What about getting him home and then having his mother hide his comic books?" We do this and then we have the Disneymaniac crack up. We have to figure out what he should do when he cracks up. We decide he should start pleading for a smell of a newsstand. The one at the typewriter puts a new sheet of paper in the machine and types:

WAYNE: *Let me smell a newsstand, Mom! Just let me smell a newsstand!*

We cross our fingers and hope that this will rate a laugh and move on to the next gag, debating, racking our brains, pacing the floor. The only time we laugh at our own script is late in the afternoon when we're hungry. We laugh then to try to convince each other that what we've ground out is funny enough to give us the right to quit and have dinner.

We work from a series of roughs. One of us gets an idea and punches it out on the typewriter. We act it out. If we both like the gag, we feel fairly safe with it. If we don't, one attempts to talk the other into it. Mostly, we look as gay as a couple of accountants who can't get the same balance.

Our older kids, Michael Wayne, six, and Rosalind Shuster, seven, are so used to seeing us like this that they don't quite believe we *are* Wayne and Shuster. Once Rosalind said, "Wayne and Shuster were on the air last night. Boy! Are they funny."

She and Michael then gave us dirty looks, as though they wondered why they had to pick such a dull pair of clods for fathers. Eventually we'll probably get the same kind of looks from our younger kids, Jamie and Brian Wayne, aged three and two, and Stephen Shuster, four. And they'll all have to endure the ordeal of being the offspring of comedians.

For popular ideas die hard, including the one that a comedian is something irresponsible in baggy pants and a false nose. One time right after we'd moved to our present homes our wives were out for an afternoon walk, pushing baby carriages, when a nice old lady stopped them, welcomed them to the neighborhood and settled down to a little gossip.

She pointed across the street and said, "See that house over there. Do you know who lives there? Frank Shuster. They tell me he's drunk from morning till night."

Our wives had just left us knee-deep in encyclopedias, musical dictionaries, cigarette butts and the modal music of medieval England. The wackiest bit of burlesque has to have its roots in fact or it isn't funny. If we do a piece of satire about climbing Mount Everest we have to know something about the technique and terminology of mountain climbing before we start playing around with it. A lot of the time when people think we are handing out exploding cigars, we are right back where we started

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How They Really Are...



From downtown Toronto they ride home unnoticed among the other suburbanites on the Forest Hill run.

...and How Folks See Them



But they can't stop people believing they travel in a sharp coupe, equipped with gals, gags and big cheroots.



The boys gaze with bewilderment at the public's conception of themselves. Their own kids much prefer the radio's Wayne and Shuster to the two ordinary characters they see around home.



On spare evenings Wayne works on his miniature camera while Shuster reads. Both are graduates of U. of T.



Nuts to that, says a man across the street. Everybody knows celebrities kick up with wine, women and song.

+ How We Fought

By Dr. Joseph P. Moody with W. de Groot van Embden

Here's the story of the "mystery disease" which caused the quarantine of a vast Arctic area in 1949, told by the doctor who struggled almost singlehanded to stem it. If a similar epidemic had hit New York it could have paralyzed a million people for life



From this radio station at Chesterfield Inlet Dr. Moody flashed his unprecedented quarantine orders to people a thousand miles around. Below, one of the Eskimo victims of the epidemic. This eighteen-year-old was among the forty at Chesterfield left handicapped.



Dr. Moody

THE TEMPERATURES sank deeper than I'd ever experienced as Christmas approached in 1948 and everything seemed grey in the Arctic—the grey houses at Chesterfield Inlet, the vast stretches of grey-white snow around them and the clouds that hung low and heavy and somehow menacing. Christmas of 1948 was a grey time in the Arctic and soon afterward it became the blackest time in Arctic history.

For that Christmas marked the beginning of a polio epidemic of such bizarre and unbelievable proportions that for a time it was impossible to diagnose. All that the outside world knew was that a "mystery disease" was sweeping the northland as the newspapers published columns filled with speculation. What the outside world didn't know, and may not know until now, is that if this fierce and devastating plague had hit New York City under similar circumstances more than four million people could have been laid up; four hundred thousand men, women and children could have been dead within ten days after the outbreak; and one million one hundred and twenty thousand victims could have been partly or wholly paralyzed for life.

I was the doctor whose district was ravaged, for a time the only doctor within thousands of miles.

The most baffling aspect of the plague was that its symptoms were in strict contravention to the accepted clinical picture of polio. For example, until this epidemic, polio had been known as a warm-weather attacker, but it hit the Arctic during the longest recorded period of intense cold when temperatures averaged thirty-eight degrees below zero during six consecutive weeks. Polio had long been considered a disease with a characteristic fifteen-day incubation period and a rather slow progress after the onset, but in our area at Chesterfield Inlet people died within six hours after onset. Polio had not commonly struck in the abdominal area, but in Chesterfield the percentage of abdominal paralysis covered nearly half of all cases.

It all began when Tutu the Eskimo completed his summer tasks. The caribou hunt had been successful and he had cached many a pile of good meat. When winter came he would take his *komatik*, his long narrow sleigh, and swiftly carry the meat back to his igloo. The furs had been good too; there would be new parkas and boots and sleeping bags. Tutu had sent his son back to camp with a promising load.

But for Tutu himself there was nothing to do but wait for the snow. He had decided he wanted to travel to Churchill to trade some ivory carvings at the army post there and he planned to bring his wife a few spools of thread or one of those funny books with pictures called catalogues. It was

Continued on page 34

Chesterfield's fourteen fatalities were buried in town's bleak cemetery. ▶

Polio in the Arctic



This is the legend a stampede built

In Calgary's big week, Karsh finds everybody playing cowboys and Injuns

THERE IS A general impression in the rest of Canada that Calgary consists entirely of palefaces dressed as cowboys and Indians dressed as Indians. To anyone visiting the foothills city during a certain July week, as Yousuf Karsh did, this theory would be fully substantiated. Everybody from the mayor's youngest daughter to the town's wealthiest businessman was sporting loud shirts, neckerchiefs and wide western hats. As for the Indians, they all seemed momentarily ready for the warpath.

But this is the legend of Calgary carefully fostered by Calgarians who at Grey Cup season invade the east still dressed as cowboys and Indians

but who are, for the most part, quite normal people in double-breasted suits and white pocket handkerchiefs. Calgarians, growing rapidly rich on oil, cattle and construction, like to blow off steam during Stampede Week but, as Karsh's own photographs on later pages show, they live in solid brick and frame homes, not tepees, and raise skyscrapers, not smoke signals, to the sun.

Karsh himself, caught up in the spirit of the Stampede, donned the traditional western hat and blue jeans which have become the city's trademark, but when the week was over he, like most Calgarians, went back to more conventional attire.

◀ Jim Simeon, interpreter of Sarcee tribe, only dresses like this for Stampede.



Mayor Don Mackay with Deborah, Mary Lou, Jo-Anna, Valerie and Dona Marie all wear traditional western garb which Mrs. Mackay eschews. Like many Calgarians Mackay is a Mormon. His first job was radio announcing.



Gordon Earl, a twenty-seven-year-old rancher from Newgate, B.C., Canadian champion of the 1953 Stampede, has been riding since he was four years old.



Future cowboys shown preparing to enter junior events wear costumes more serviceable than those of oil tycoons (right) in new Petroleum Club. At left in front row is W. D. C. Mackenzie, of Imperial Oil Company.



Others in front: R. H. C. Harrison, Canadian Petroleum Association; E. L. Harvie, Western Leaseholds. Back: C. O. Nickle, MP; C. Cross, Trans-Empire; N. E. Tanner, Merrill Co., and George McMahon, Pacific Petroleum Company.



The Palliser Hotel is a nightly scene of lively parties like this during annual Stampede Week.

Karsh's Calgary *continued*

A city lets its hair down

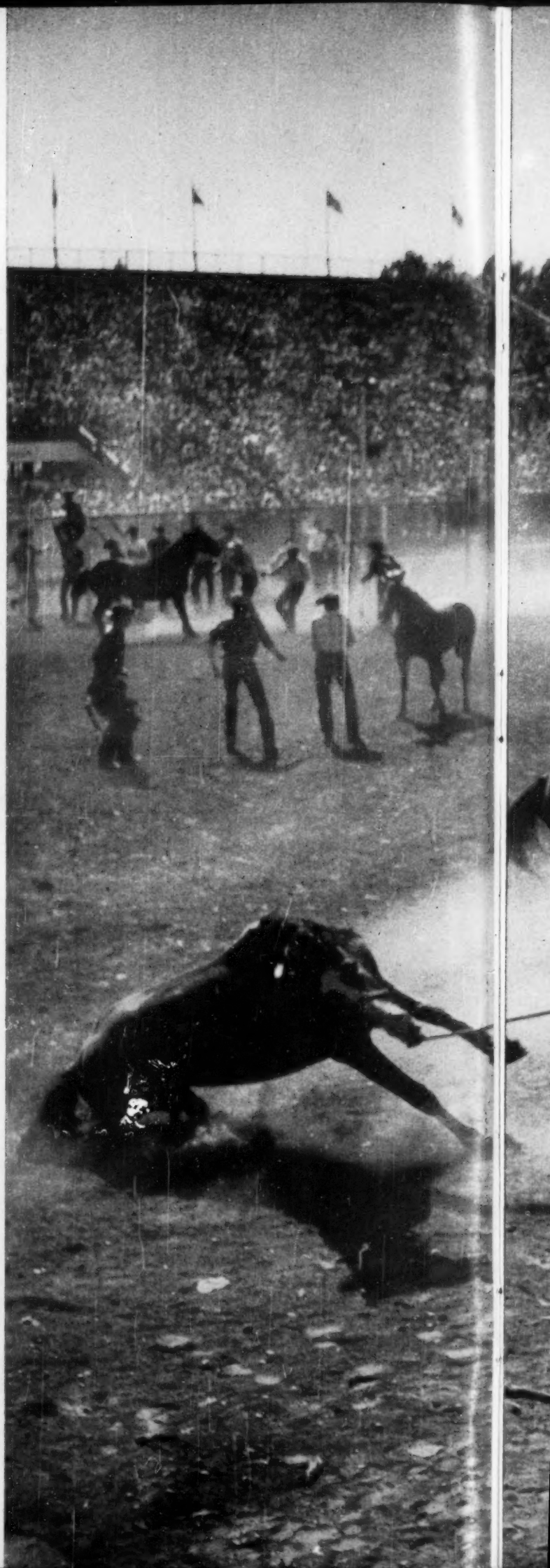
Wild horses and wilder music keep Calgarians on the hop

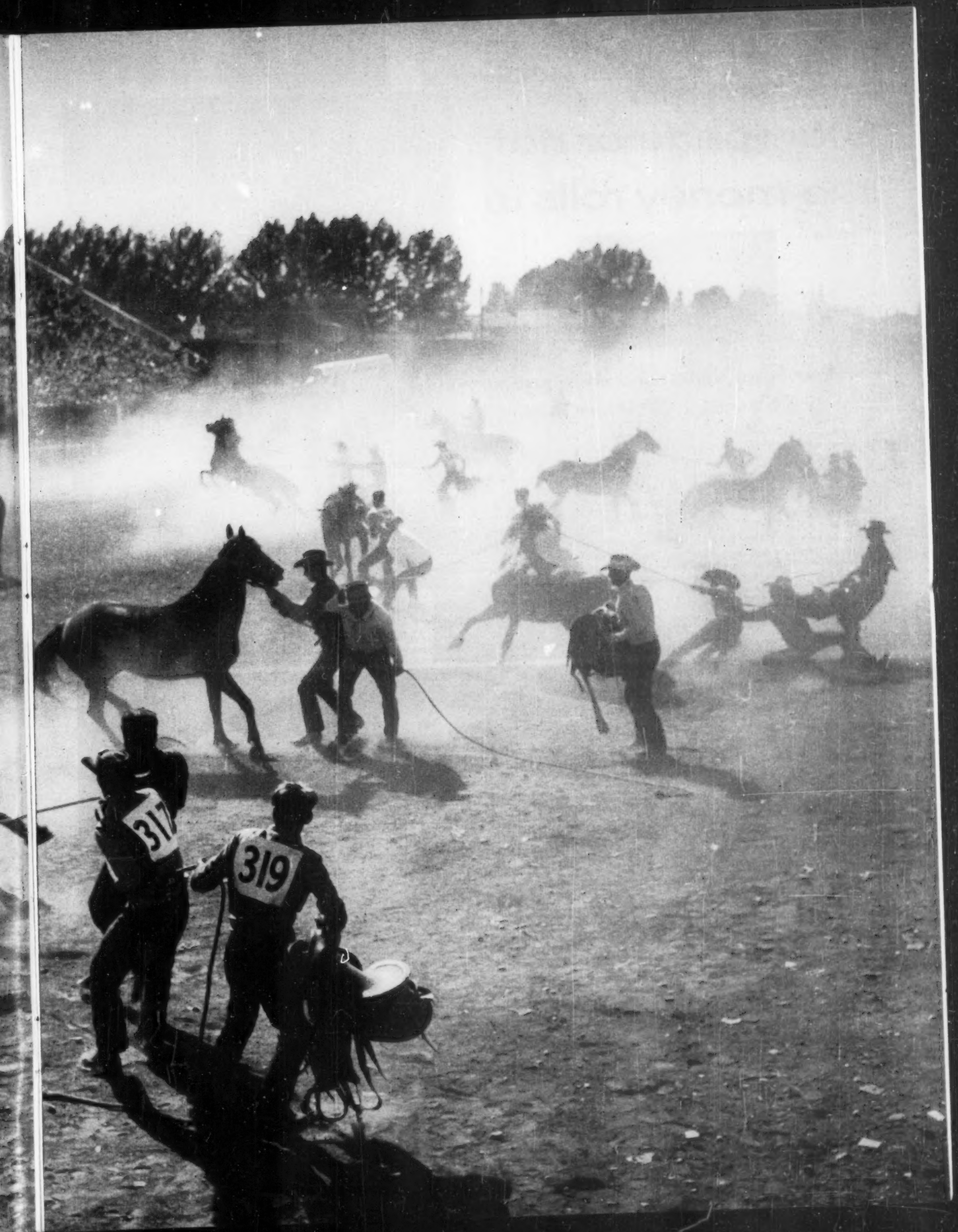
IN CALGARY'S one zany week of celebration even the neon signs seem to go crazy. But even wild horses couldn't keep Yousuf Karsh out of the Stampede corral during the roping display shown in the photograph at the right. Here unbroken horses off the range are sent plummeting into the infield where three-man teams try to rope, halter and ride them. For the rest of the week Karsh roamed through street dances and Palliser Hotel parties, photographing Calgarians who were sometimes as wild as their own horses. But prettier.



Main intersections are sealed each morning for two-hour street dances in town's business area.

Karsh moved into the infield of the Stampede corral to make this photograph of three-man teams striving to rope, saddle and ride untamed range horses. ►





Karsh's Calgary *continued*

Stampede or not, the money rolls in



Hundred dollar shirts, hundred thousand dollar homes, show off city's new wealth

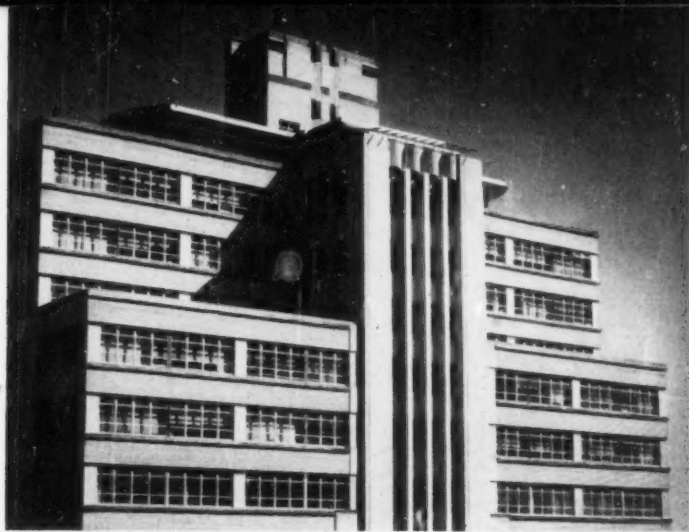
CALGARY IS A TOWN that looks and acts wealthy. The colorful shirt worn by W. F. Herron (above) for example, cost a cool hundred dollars. Karsh estimates that the house shown directly below is worth a quarter of a million dollars and the one on the opposite page a hundred thousand. Sleek new buildings, such as the Barron Building shown on opposite page, are changing the city's

skyline and are populated by sleek new executives such as N. E. Tanner, who left a provincial cabinet post for the more rewarding business field. Karsh was greatly impressed by Calgary's building program which he says is being carried out with impeccable taste. He feels the design of the small ranch-style homes shows more originality than he has yet noticed in any other Canadian city.



These two partners in a construction firm jointly donated out of their fortune a cobalt bomb to the people of Alberta for use in cancer treatment. At left, Mervyn (Red) Dutton, former hockey star; at right, R. F. Jennings, whose fine home of native lumber and stone is shown below.





All the offices in the new Barron Building are leased to oil companies or to related industries. This is only one of many modern buildings transforming the Calgary skyline.



Mrs. W. F. Herron, wife of one of city's first oil millionaires, at her Diamond Head pinto ranch. She designs, tailors and embroiders her own costumes. She owns eight of them.



N. E. Tanner, the president of Merrill Petroleums Ltd., is shown in his modern new office. Formerly Minister of Mines and Minerals in the Alberta Government, Tanner now heads several oil companies. A Mormon, he is also president of Alberta Boy Scouts.

Three-decker home of G. H. Allan, president of Crescent Lumber Limited, contains built-in elevator. Karsh thinks Calgary home architecture is best in Canada.



Karsh's Calgary *continued*

The sky is big in Calgary, but the horizon is bigger

Oil and cattle make fortunes for Calgarians, whose boom seems as unlimited as the wide vistas around the city



THE THREE MEN whose portraits appear on these pages, set against a backdrop of rolling ranchland and western sky, typify the spirit and resources which men and nature have brought to Calgary. One is a lawyer, who like so many of his townspeople now finds himself in the oil business in a big way. Another is a businessman who finds himself in the Stampede business in a big way. The third is a city boy who now finds himself a rancher, and loves it.

Eric L. Harvie, shown in the photograph below, is popularly supposed to be the richest man in Alberta. He is a lawyer, and the story of how he took mineral rights to a large section of land

in lieu of legal fees has now become a western legend. The land turned out to be around Leduc, Alta., scene of the first great postwar oil strike.

Jim Cross, in the photograph at right, is president of Calgary Brewing and one of the key men behind the annual Stampede. His famous Sunday morning breakfast, at the end of Stampede Week, on the sun deck of the Palliser is a fixed rite.

Donald C. Matthews, in the photograph at lower right, is a thirty-four-year-old university graduate in animal husbandry who is rapidly acquiring stature as one of the district's rising young cattlemen. Says he: "There's simply no life like a rancher's." ★



◀ Eric Harvie bought nine miles of ranch country with some of the profits he made from Alberta oil.

Donald Matthews straddles Cactus, his strawberry roan, as he herds five hundred beef cattle. ▶



Jim Cross, who helped make the Stampede famous, plays with his French poodle in front of his new ranch house as the sun sets on Calgary's liveliest week.





the alien

CHAPTER EIGHT

By W. O. MITCHELL

Two women, two heartbreaks

Carlyle Sinclair was aware that his wife had visited Victoria Rider's lonely tent on the edge of the Reservation, and now Grace was telling him, "You'll have to work this out alone." Did that mean that he was losing her too?

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

WHEN IN OCTOBER most of the people had returned to the reserve and their children had begun to attend school for the new year, Carlyle took up his teaching without the interest it had held for him in other years. He had told Grace that there was no point in concerning themselves with Victoria; if she wished to make it easier for him then she would talk of the girl no more. Victoria had left the Rider cabin, was living, Ezra had told him, by herself in a tent at the far north side of the reserve. Carlyle knew that Grace had visited her several times since Dr. Sanders' visit; he supposed that she had taken supplies of some sort to the girl.

VIII

IN APRIL they received a surprise visit from Mr. Gillis, of Western Power and Hydro; or rather Carlyle did, for Grace did not see him. He drove up and when Carlyle let the children go for noon, he was at the door of the school, had evidently been waiting there patiently for some time. The Senator was not with him; he told Carlyle that he had visited Old John in his cabin for a while before coming to the school; he had to go back right away; he couldn't stay to lunch.

"Let's go outside," he suggested; they had been standing by Carlyle's desk, several of the children who brought lunches to school were in the room, jaws moving slowly as they stared up at the two men from their desks. "It's beautiful out," said Gillis. "I missed last summer and I've regretted it ever since."

They walked out into the spring sunshine, stood at the schoolyard fence by the ash pile, their privacy spoiled only by two cayuses lipping at the cinders there in an effort to make up for the salt lack in their diets.

"This is different from any of my other trips," said Gillis. "That's why it's short. I want to talk with you about this power thing of ours."

"Oh."

"It's been hanging fire for a long time now. Too long. It's time it was worked out satisfactorily. I would like it to be—for us—for the Indians." Gillis' eyes were reflective as he gazed past the school and to the lifting hills of the reserve beyond. "I feel I have a little stake in them myself." He lifted his arm and indicated the spread of the valley where here and there smoke lifted from the Indians' homes. With the years the buildings had silvered, log and unpainted lumber taking on a soft and noncommittal grey—chameleon homes merging with the landscape. "After all it was my suggestion got them from under canvas," Gillis was saying. "Then there are all the summers I've visited up here—I'm grateful for them. I would like to show my appreciation. I can—in my position with the company I can—again. I've had many happy hours along that stream. Now . . ." His pleasant voice took on firmness. "We want to see this matter cleared up. It is actually."

Carlyle was startled. "Is—what do you mean?"

"Everything is arranged. We're ready to go ahead."

"This is the first I've heard . . ."

"We have everything planned out—have reached an agreement with Ottawa. That's why I'm out here. I received a phone call from Toronto last night. All details have been taken care of now."

"What is the agreement?"

"Last month we made another offer. It's suitable—it's been approved."

"What is the offer?"

"A fifty-thousand-dollar initial payment and fifteen thousand a year rental—the rental payment isn't fixed—it's to be determined in the future—after ten years by the power used—as that rises so does the rental payment."

"About two hundred thousand . . ."

"For the first ten years."

"I don't think that would meet with the councilors' approval—does Ottawa . . ."

"It's been approved—accepted. It will be

Continued on page 31



While Grace — with her bags and their daughter Sylvia — sat waiting for her lift into town, Carlyle sadly walked alone on the Reservation with his crumbling world.



**CLYDE
GILMOUR**



Picks the Best and Worst MOVIES OF 1953

These Were The Ten Best

1 FROM HERE TO ETERNITY had the best script, actress, supporting actor and fight. Montgomery Clift, Donna Reed and a surprising Frank Sinatra helped make a warmly sensitive picture.



2 LILI was a sleeper in which Leslie Caron gave the most charmingly unaffected performance.



3 THE CRUEL SEA recreated the Monsarrat book with Jack Hawkins as the unforgettable captain.



4 JULIUS CAESAR presented tense scene when Louis Calhern, in title role, was stabbed by Romans.



5 SHANE was a gripping western in which stoic Alan Ladd turned calf eyes on Jean Arthur.



6 THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE had Alec Guinness as a man with two wives. One was Yvonne de Carlo.



7 THE ACTRESS cast Spencer Tracy, an old master, as ex-seadog daddy of lovely Jean Simmons.



8 MOULIN ROUGE sent John Huston to Paris' famed night club to recreate the life of anguished Lautrec.



9 CALL ME MADAM effervesced with Ethel Merman, who gave credence to a thin Broadway plot.



10 THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was science-fiction thriller with Los Angeles succumbing to Martians.



A SORROWING Greek slave suspiciously resembling Victor Mature, gazing at the Cross in a close-up so immense that his anguished face measured twenty feet from ear to ear, was the most spectacular movie phenomenon offered in 1953.

But *The Robe*, based on the Lloyd C. Douglas best-seller about the early Christians, was not by any means the finest motion picture of the year. By mid-November, though, it was smashing all box-office records in the half-dozen Canadian cities with theatres equipped to show it. CinemaScope, a new epic process involving the use of an enormous oblong curving screen and multiple sound, might indeed ultimately help Hollywood to combat television, but further successes after *The Robe* would be needed to bolster the eager prophecy.

To the astonishment of practically nobody, the best movie of '53 was also not to be discovered among the third-dimensional or 3-D "depthies" which began with a grotesque exhibit called *Bwana Devil*. Even its stereoscopic illusion—made possible only by peering through bothersome polarizing goggles—was mostly primitive and the script and acting and direction were not even amateurish in quality. *Bwana Devil* made a lot of money in a hurry and so did several of its 3-D successors, but poor stories and gimmick-minded sensationalism ("An Indian in *Your Lap!* A Flaming Arrow in *Your Hair!*") soon robbed the medium of a fair chance to develop properly. Long before year's-end, the old-fashioned "flatties" and various types of wide-screen projection were battling for dominance, and 3-D appeared to be perishing on the Hollywood-and-Vine.

The best movie of the year, in my opinion—and evidently in the opinion of multitudes of cash customers—was a powerful, adult, warmly sensitive screen version of *From Here to Eternity*, a Hollywood effort.

James Jones' bitter and shocking novel dealt with U. S. Army life in Honolulu just before a Japanese hell erupted at Pearl Harbor. Screenwriter Daniel Taradash tastefully eliminated the tiresome adolescent smut which weakened the book, but preserved its masculine anger and compassion, its timely (and timeless) plea for the right of the individual human being to "go his own way" in a regimented world.

From Here to Eternity as a film, although leaner than the book, is still a bit overcrowded with characters and sub-plots. Director Fred Zinnemann, however, again demonstrated (as he had done earlier in *High Noon*, *The Men*, *The Search*) that he is one of the most gifted creative craftsmen now making movies on either side of the Atlantic. Nobody in the excellent cast had ever appeared to such advantage.

All the movies on my Ten Best list for '53 are American except *The Cruel Sea* and *The Captain's Paradise*, both from Britain. These two were tops in their respective categories, war drama and comedy.

All but one on my Ten Worst list—*24 Hours of a Woman's Life*, a glum English turkey—are from various Hollywood studios. It was, in some ways, difficult to pinpoint the absolute worst movie of 1953 because there were several candidates. Perhaps it was unfair to *Bwana Devil* to say that it was worse than, say, *Red Planet Mars*, *The I Don't Care Girl* or *Blowing Wild* but if I had to stay away from one movie, and one movie only, for the rest of my life it would have to be *Bwana Devil*, from what I saw in 1953.

Similarly, there were some singularly inept performances by individuals and I suppose the next man could come up with a valid argument to prove that he'd seen portrayals that had distressed him more than those of Dean Martin in *Scared Stiff*, and Barbara Payton in *Bad Blonde*. For me, they were bad enough.

The remarkable gamms of Cyd Charisse, as displayed so fetchingly in *The Band Wagon*; the buoyant singing of the stage's brightest comic-opera songs, in *Story of Gilbert & Sullivan*; the honest frontier characterizations achieved by director George Stevens in *Shane*, the year's finest western . . . these are among the nourishing '53 memories now sustaining me as '54 gets under way with its usual official promise of Bigger and Better Things to Come. Well, *bigger*, anyway—and possibly just as good. ★

These Were The Ten Worst



1 *BWANA DEVIL* was worst 3-D, worst movie and had the worst animal actors. Robert Stack was also present.

- 2 *RED PLANET MARS*
- 3 *THE I DON'T CARE GIRL*
- 4 *BLOWING WILD*
- 5 *BAD BLONDE*
- 6 *RIDE, VAQUERO!*
- 7 *GREAT SIOUX UPRISING*
- 8 *24 HOURS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE*
- 9 *MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY*
- 10 *THE VANQUISHED*

THESE SCORED INDIVIDUAL ZEROS

WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR: Dean Martin in *Scared Stiff*.

WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS: Barbara Payton in *Bad Blonde*.

WORST ANIMAL PERFORMANCES: the two moth-eaten lions in *Bwana Devil*.

CORNIEST DIALOGUE: the love-hate scenes between Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck in *Blowing Wild*.

WORST BIG-BUDGET MUSICAL: *The I Don't Care Girl*.

MOST IMPLAUSIBLE BIT OF CASTING: Yvonne de Carlo as a British secret agent, pitting her wits (etc.) against Napoleon in *Sea Devils*.

MOST UNPLEASANT HERO: Tom Morton in *Main Street to Broadway*.

Gilmour Especially Enjoyed These Pictures

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL
PETER PAN
THE HITCHHIKER
ROMAN HOLIDAY
THE CRIMSON PIRATE
STORY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN
DANGEROUS WHEN WET

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
THE BAND WAGON
THE YELLOW BALLOON
VICE SQUAD
THE MOON IS BLUE
BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY
TAXI

FOR MORE GILMOUR CHOICES, TURN PAGE

Gilmour Acclaims These 1953 Shows And Stars



BEST ACTOR

Sir John Gielgud gave greatest portrayal as Cassius in *Julius Caesar*.



BEST ACTRESS

Deborah Kerr played captain's restless wife in *From Here to Eternity*.



BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Colette Marchand, new face, was street-walker in fine *Moulin Rouge*.



BEST ANIMAL

The lazy dog, Red Dust, scored handily. *Bwana Devil's* pair of frowzy lions were the worst.



SHAPELIEST LEGS

Cyd Charisse showed form (see cut) in *The Band Wagon*.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: Frank Sinatra as Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*.

BEST DIRECTION: by Fred Zinnemann in *From Here to Eternity*.

BEST SCRIPT WRITTEN FOR SCREEN: *The Captain's Paradise*, by Alec Coppel and Nicholas Phipps.

BEST SCRIPT ADAPTED FOR SCREEN: *From Here to Eternity*, written by Daniel Taradash from James Jones' novel.

BEST PERFORMANCE BY JUVENILE: Brandon de Wilde in *Shane*.

BEST FEATURE-LENGTH ACTUALITY: *A Queen is Crowned*; runner-up was *The Conquest of Everest*.

MOST ALARMING VILLAIN: William Talman in *The Hitchhiker*.

MOST CHARMINGLY UNAFFECTED PERFORMANCE: Leslie Caron in *Lili*.

BEST MUSICAL: *Call Me Madam*.

BEST POPULAR SINGER: Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam*.

BEST CLASSICAL SINGER: Jan Peerce, heard but not seen in *Tonight We Sing*.

BEST WAR DRAMA: *The Cruel Sea*.

BEST WESTERN: *Shane*.

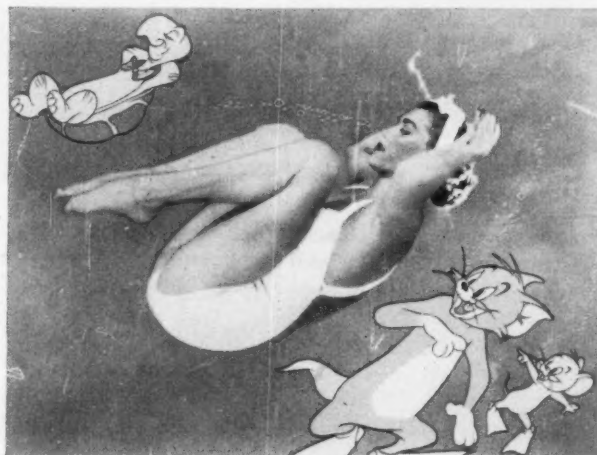
BEST MOVIE FIGHT: parade-square brawl between Montgomery Clift and bully sergeant (John Dennis) in *From Here to Eternity*.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOR: *Moulin Rouge*, by Ossie Morris and Eliot Elisofon.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN BLACK AND WHITE: *From Here to Eternity*, by Hollywood ace, Burnett Guffey.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN 3-D: *Charge at Feather River*, by Peverell Marley.

BEST SHOW NUMBER: Cyd Charisse and Fred Astaire in the fun-poking *Girl Hunt* ballet in *The Band Wagon*.



BEST NOVELTY SEQUENCE: Esther Williams romped with cartoon cat-and-mouse pair Tom and Jerry in *Dangerous When Wet*.

AMONG OTHER PERFORMANCES GILMOUR ESPECIALLY ENJOYED

Spencer Tracy as Jean Simmons' ex-seadog father in *The Actress* . . . Charles Goldner as the admiring shipmate of bigamist Alec Guinness in *The Captain's Paradise* . . . Jack Hawkins as the commanding officer in *The Cruel Sea* . . . Montgomery Clift as Prewitt in *From Here to Eternity* . . . Karl Malden as the Quebec City detective in *I Confess* . . . Robert Ryan as the crafty fugitive murderer in *The Naked Spur* . . . Don Wilson, better-known as Jack Benny's radio announcer, as the jolly breakfast-food executive in *Niagara* . . . Dan Dailey as the New York taxi driver in *Taxi* . . . William Powell as Elizabeth Taylor's lawyer papa in *The Girl Who Had Everything* . . . Jean Simmons as Britain's first Elizabeth in *Young Bess* . . . Jane Russell as Marilyn Monroe's breezy brunette girl-friend in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* . . . Wilfrid Hyde White as the amusing father of Sullivan's prim fiancée in *Story of Gilbert & Sullivan* . . . Barry Jones as the tyrannical missionary in *Return to Paradise* . . . Yvonne Mitchell as the burglar's uneasy sweetheart in *Turn the Key Softly* . . . Audrey Hepburn as the princess playing hooky in *Roman Holiday* . . . Andy Devine as one of the rescuing airmen in *Island in the Sky* . . . Edward G. Robinson as the detective captain in *Vice Squad* . . . Mitzi Gaynor as the southern honey-child showgirl in *Bloodhounds of Broadway*.



JANE RUSSELL



CHARLES GOLDNER



YVONNE MITCHELL



JACK HAWKINS

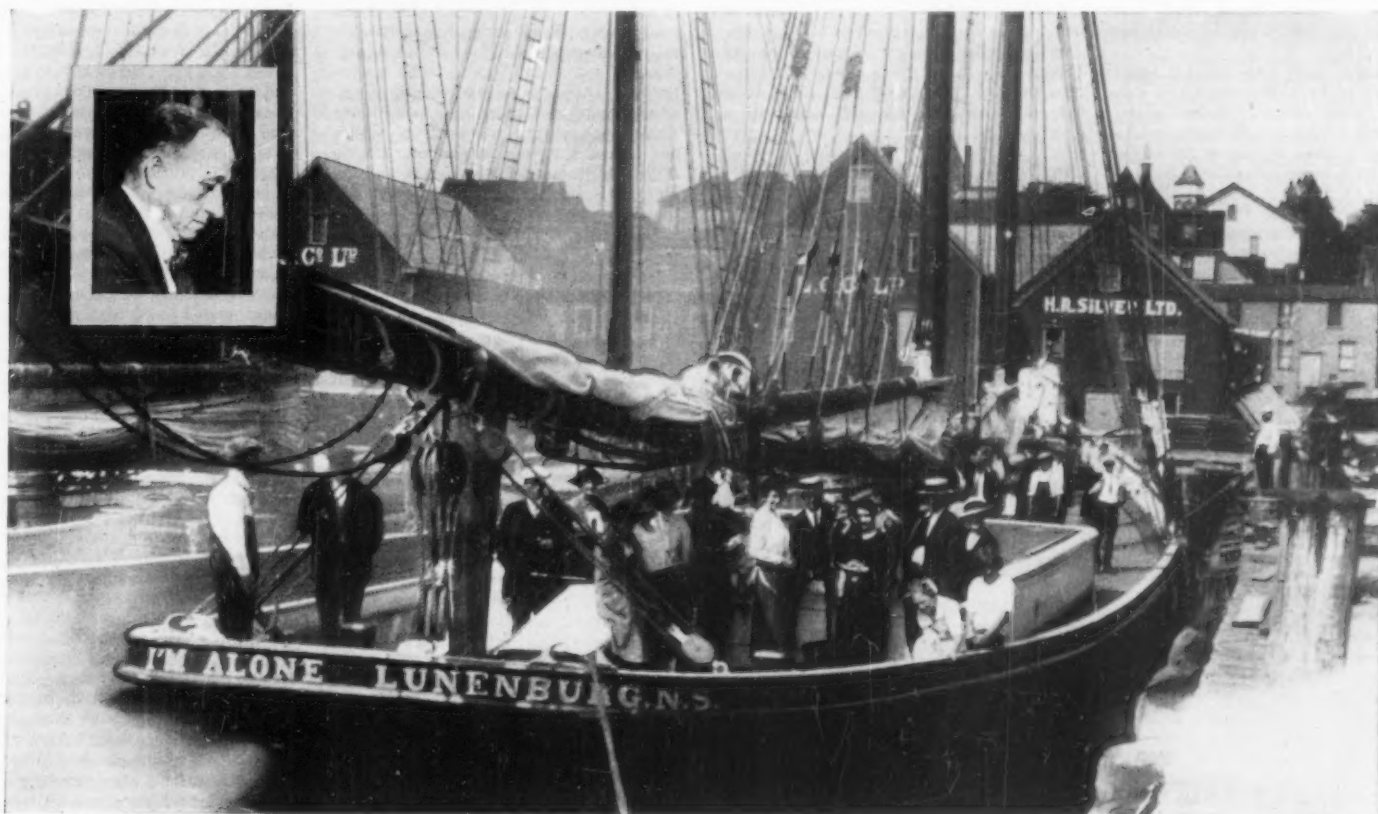


AUDREY HEPBURN



SPENCER TRACY

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



Before the *I'm Alone's* trial run, the crew's families went aboard. Captain Randell, inset, was key figure in international incident.

The last run of the *I'm Alone*

By JAMES BANNERMAN

For half an hour on March 22, 1929, there was a shooting war between the U.S. and Canada. John Randell, fiery skipper of the most famous rumrunner of them all, wouldn't surrender his ship to the Coast Guard so they blew him out of the water

ON A raw spring morning in 1929, the tenth year of prohibition in the United States, a whisky-laden little schooner was overtaken in the Gulf of Mexico by two American coast guard cutters. As they came up they signaled the schooner to heave to at once—an order her captain acknowledged by grabbing a battered megaphone and shouting, "I'll see you in hell first!"

John Thomas Randell, master of the ninety-tonner *I'm Alone*, was convinced the coast guards had no right to stop him. If his ship had been within one hour's sailing distance of the coast of the United States they could have seized her legally as a suspected liquor smuggler; but by then she had been heading out to sea for almost fifty hours. When they fired a warning shot across her bows and repeated the order to heave to, he merely reached for the megaphone again and bellowed defiantly that he wasn't going to obey it, and that they could sink him if they wanted to. Whereupon they did sink him, in

ten thousand feet of blue Gulf water. And by nightfall of that day, March 22, 1929, the indomitable obstinacy of Captain Randell was beginning to make history.

The coast guards had radioed a report to their shore base which radioed back that Randell and the other seven survivors were to be taken to New Orleans (only one man of the *I'm Alone's* crew had been drowned). The base passed on the report to coast guard headquarters in Washington. The schooner was registered at the port of Belize in British Honduras so headquarters notified the British ambassador, Sir Esmé Howard, in Washington. But two days later the cutters reached New Orleans with Randell and his men and it turned out that the wrong nation had been involved. The *I'm Alone's* port of registry was Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and the flag that fluttered at her masthead as she went down was the red ensign of Canada.

Canadians reacted with intense and widespread bitterness. The *I'm Alone* was frankly

and even notoriously a rumrunner; but many people who disapproved of rumrunning disapproved still more of the idea that the United States could enforce its law on the high seas. Others took a more emotional view and there was even a scattering of hotheads who clamored for war to wipe out the insult to the flag. At Ottawa it was decided after a series of Cabinet meetings to instruct Vincent Massey, then our first diplomatic representative in Washington, to go into the whole matter with officials of the U.S. State Department.

Meanwhile the newspapers were giving the story more and more space. An Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans said that when the crew of the *I'm Alone* was landed there the patrol boats, in an effort to conceal information, touched at four different docks and finally cast anchor in the middle of the river.

Captain Randell gave his version to the United States *Continued on next page*

district attorney, local customs officials and a special investigator from Washington. Later they let reporters have a transcript of Randell's spirited account, which shared the front pages next morning with word that the movies had decided to produce talking pictures.

From then until the end of April there was hardly a day when the I'm Alone incident didn't make news. Canada sent a formal note of protest to the United States, asking it in effect to prove that its coast guards hadn't committed an act of piracy. Although Britain wasn't directly concerned now that Canada had taken over the case, it raised some awkward points in connection with various Anglo-American treaties. When it was found that the seaman who'd been drowned was a French citizen the government of France got into the picture. And when the United States insisted that the coast guards had only done their duty it was agreed the whole thing would have to be submitted to an international board for arbitration.

Meanwhile the New York Times reported from New Orleans that customs agents were circulating a sinister rumor about Captain Randell, who was rapidly becoming a popular hero. The Times said it understood he had indirectly caused the death of the French sailor by striking him while the schooner was being chased—a rumor which, as the Times pointed out, was contradicted vehemently by all the members of the crew.

The Times also published another rumor, whose source it didn't give, that the I'm Alone was carrying a cargo of aliens. A third tale, current among sailors years later, said the aliens were Chinese who had paid five hundred dollars a head to be smuggled into the United States and that they'd been weighted with pig iron from the ballast and thrown overboard.

On the factual side Andrew Mellon, the enormously rich Pittsburgher who was Secretary of the Treasury and as such the supreme head of the coast guard service, issued a statement saying the I'm Alone had been a notorious liquor smuggler for nearly five years and that she was designed and built for rumrunning to the order of "a certain American bootlegger who is now in prison in Boston." He said this man had named her to commemorate his having broken away from a gang of other bootleggers to operate alone.

In New Orleans Edward Gray, a lawyer who'd been engaged to represent the crew, announced it was possible that he would bring a charge of murder against the coast guards. In Belize, the home town of the cook and one seaman, the American consul had to get police protection from crowds who were quite sure the coast guards really were murderers and wanted to tear the consul apart in symbolic protest.

On the other hand Deets Pickett of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church was quoted, "When the men of the coast guard, after due and repeated warning, sent their shells into the hull of the I'm Alone, a thrill of appreciation ran through my being. It was American. It was right." The Times of London suggested that if the coast guard cutters had been commanded by commissioned officers instead of mere warrant officers, whom it seemed to consider rather vulgar, the affair would have been handled far less crudely.

But it wasn't until the summer of 1933, when the international commission appointed to arbitrate the case brought out an interim report, that it could be seen how much the 1929 stories had missed. Since the report was printed as an official document of the

American State Department, when the general public had long since forgotten the whole thing, the full story never did become widely known. Overlooked were such things as the spectacular fate of twelve hundred cases of liquor out of the schooner's first cargo. And the odd way Big Jamie Clark was greeted when he went from New York to Lunenburg to make the deal that started the I'm Alone's career as a rumrunner.

The Skipper Wore Tails

Big Jamie, a notably good-natured six-footer who weighed two hundred pounds, was friendly with a couple of New York bootleggers named Dan Hogan and Frank Reitman. Toward the middle of September 1928 they told him they'd heard there was a fine schooner for sale in Lunenburg, available dirt cheap at eighteen thousand dollars. They said that if Big Jamie would go to Nova Scotia, do the buying for them and pay five thousand dollars toward the cost they'd cut him in on the ownership and the profits. He agreed, went to Lunenburg and inspected the schooner's hull, which was a hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-seven feet wide at its broadest, checked her sails and rigging and tested her twin hundred-horsepower diesel engines. After a day of poking and prying he made the deal.

If Big Jamie had bought the schooner in the name of Hogan, Reitman and himself the mere fact of their owning

and operating a rumrunner would have been an offense under the American prohibition laws because they were American citizens. So he arranged to have the bill of sale and the certificate of registration at the port of Lunenburg made out to Eastern Seaboard Steamship Agencies, Ltd.—a dummy corporation set up in Canada. This meant the I'm Alone was technically Canadian owned and operated. As such the American prohibition laws didn't affect her unless she was within one hour's sailing distance of the coast of the United States, reckoned at her top speed.

Once this ingenious and legally correct transaction had been completed, Jamie asked his contact in Lunenburg, George Hearn, to recommend a captain. Hearn said he knew just the man.

This was John Thomas Randell, born in Newfoundland and then living in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Randell, crowding fifty, was strong as a bull; a dark, swaggering, confident man who liked excitement and risk alternated with free-and-easy fun. Most sea captains dress with rugged neatness, but he carried this characteristic to the point of elegance. The gear he took aboard included a dinner jacket, a tail coat, six dress shirts, a dozen dress collars and eighteen pairs of silk socks.

The dashing Randell had joined the Royal Naval Reserve in 1914 and two weeks before the first Christmas of the war he was given command of a steam trawler and sent to patrol the Scandinavian coast, watching for neutral

ships carrying iron ore from Sweden to Germany and intercepting and capturing them. He took three ore carriers and got such a reputation for boldness and skill that he was promoted acting lieutenant-commander and made senior officer of a flotilla of trawlers. After a fight with a surfaced U-boat, he was given the DSC. Since this action saved a French ship he was given the Croix de guerre by the government of France, and ended his second war with a bright row of ribbons and more liking than ever for adventure.


In 1919 he went back to sea and sailed in command of all sorts of ships—among them the Canadian Miller, an eighty-five-hundred-ton freighter, the Canadian Fisher, a passenger liner, and three rumrunners. His experience on them wasn't particularly happy, chiefly because in the early Twenties rumrunning was a free-style enterprise in the hands of small operators. They seldom hesitated to double-cross anyone, including their captains, and Randell soon found that running rum in the early Twenties was not for him.


By 1928 however it was another matter. The small groups had been killed or otherwise eliminated and replaced by big operators who smuggled and sold as much as fifteen million dollars' worth of liquor a year. They did this through organizations as businesslike as many a legitimate corporation, were prompt and reliable in their payments and treated their employees fairly and well—apart from a tendency to have them murdered instead of fired should they show bad faith or make a really serious mistake.

Randell, restless and at a loose end, knew about this change in the methods and ethics of rumrunning and when George Hearn offered him command of the I'm Alone at four hundred dollars a month he accepted. And at the end of October 1928 he took the schooner from Lunenburg to St. Pierre in the Gulf of St. Lawrence where she was to pick up her first cargo of liquor under her new management. It was to be delivered to bootleggers in the bayou country of Louisiana who would come out in launches and transfer the liquor from her thirty miles southwest of Marsh Island. There the I'm Alone would be well clear of the jurisdiction of the American coast guards. After an uneventful run by way of Bermuda and Cuba, Randell brought her to the rendezvous and hove to, on November 28, to wait for the launches. But while she was waiting a coast guard cutter came up and circled. After dark Randell headed toward Belize, British Honduras. The cutter stayed with him for two or three days but since the I'm Alone was outside United States treaty waters the coast guards didn't attempt to seize her. However, Randell understandably wanted to shake it so he could put into the British port of Belize across the Gulf of Mexico where his cargo of liquor would be as legal as a load of potatoes. The cutter was the USCG Walcott and Randell's general idea was to make the Walcott's commander think he was going south and not to let him know his ship's top speed. He ran the engines only enough to make six knots. In twenty-four hours he made about a hundred and fifty miles. He noticed that the Walcott was continually coming up abreast of the I'm Alone, falling astern again, and so on over and over. When the moon went down he waited for the cutter to drop astern once more. When she was at her farthest from him, he ordered all the I'm Alone's lights to be put out, altered to a course at right angles and revved his engines to full speed. Then he made a second alteration of course that put him on a directly opposite heading from the cutter, passed her at a

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

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
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CREDIT UP TO 24 HOURS

MACLEAN'S

distance of half a mile or so, and kept on going. The cutter dashed around, stabbing the night with her searchlight; but Randell had got too far away to be caught in its beam. After steaming briskly in various directions for several miles at a time, he headed the I'm Alone for Belize and safety.

That was on December 3, 1928. He got to Belize on December 5, stayed two days, and left again for the rendezvous off the Louisiana coast. He'd been there two days when a mysterious motor launch approached from the marshy shore. The stranger stopped his motors when he was within shouting range of the schooner. Randell believed it was the rumrunner's boat but he had never seen them. However when he had taken on the cargo at St. Pierre he'd been given the torn halves of fifteen American one-dollar bills, tightly bound together with a thick rubber band. He'd been told that when he was met by the bootleggers' boat, the man in charge of it would hail him by shouting the serial number of the eighth bill from the top of the bundle. Randell was to verify this number. If it checked he was to tell the boat to come alongside. The man would then hand him the other half of the torn eighth bill and if it and his half matched he could turn over the liquor.

The Whisky Went Up In Flames

Randell was warned not to mention names on the grounds that it was safer to know little about the contacts. Thus he didn't know that the man in charge of the boat was Big Jamie Clark, personally directing that first transaction—an apparent lack of faith that Randell might have resented. When the boat was loaded Big Jamie told Randell to take the I'm Alone out to sea and cruise around for the next four days. Then he was to bring her back to the rendezvous when the motor launch would take off twelve hundred cases of whisky that couldn't be accommodated on the first trip. Two days later Randell met the boat again off Marsh Island and an hour before midnight the last case of whisky was transferred.

Jamie and his men left the I'm Alone's side and made for shore. Halfway there they saw the dim outline of a coast guard cutter's white hull in the darkness ahead of them. A moment later they heard a motor as a fast little launch put off from the cutter and raced after them. Big Jamie had intended to take the boat up a river that led through the marshes toward the bootleggers' hideout. In the dark he couldn't find the entrance and there was no time to hunt for it. So he opened up to full speed, roared toward the shoreline and deliberately ran the boat aground.

They couldn't save the whisky with the coast guard launch less than ten minutes behind them, and it was vital to destroy the evidence. Jamie ordered a man to break the boat's fuel feed pipe and Jamie threw a lighted match into the spreading pool of gasoline on the floorboards. The boat and the precious whisky were turned into an enormous torch.

Meanwhile Randell, whose responsibility ended when he trans-shipped the

liquor, headed the I'm Alone for Belize where he took on another consignment for the bayou gang. When he got back to the rendezvous off Marsh Island on New Year's Eve Big Jamie came out to meet him as if nothing had happened. He'd philosophically bought a new boat to replace the one he'd sacrificed. For the next few months the I'm Alone shuttled steadily and regularly between Belize and the coast of Louisiana—northbound with liquor, southbound empty.

Everything went smoothly for Randell and his schooner until March 20.

Then, at the Louisiana end of a run, trouble came with a rush. At five o'clock in the morning he noted that he was anchored between fourteen and a half and fifteen miles out into the Gulf when he saw a coast guard cutter approaching. He hove up anchor and steered southwest. The cutter trailed, gaining slowly, and at six-thirty he recognized the Walcott, whose skipper ordered him to heave to.

"Captain," Randell called across the water, "you have no jurisdiction over me. I am on the high seas outside the treaty waters."

The cutter captain said he wanted to go aboard the I'm Alone for a talk with Randell and Randell said he could if he'd come unarmed.

The Walcott drew alongside with her gun's crew closed up ready to fire. Randell rang for full speed ahead, shouting through his megaphone as he pulled away that he couldn't allow the captain aboard until the men left the gun.

Agreement was shouted from the cutter. Randell slowed and watched a boat being lowered by the cutter. Into it stepped the captain, unarmed



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and wearing a singularly peaceful-looking pair of carpet slippers. He was rowed to the I'm Alone.

He and Randell talked for almost two hours. The Walcott's captain insisted he had the right to seize the schooner. He claimed that when he first hailed her she'd been less than eleven miles from the coast—not between fourteen and a half and fifteen miles, as Randell claimed. It was an important point because the I'm Alone could conceivably have gone eleven miles in one hour at her top speed, and would therefore have been within the coast guard's jurisdiction. The coast guard captain argued that under a provision of international law called the doctrine-of-hot-pursuit, he had the right to chase the I'm Alone until he caught her—unless she reached the territorial waters of some other country. Randell stoutly insisted he had not been within the legal limit when he was hailed, and seeing they couldn't agree the two captains dropped the argument. But the coast guard skipper apparently abandoned his peaceful attitude for at two o'clock that afternoon the Walcott again moved up and signaled "Heave to, or I fire."

Randell shouted through his megaphone that he had no intention of stopping, and then he cried, "I'll see you in hell first."

The coast guard captain gave him a quarter of an hour to change his mind but Randell refused. Then the Walcott commenced firing. Several shots passed through the sails and rigging. Then after a few more rounds from the four-pounder, the Walcott opened up with either a machine gun or a quick-firing rifle. As the whining stream of bullets sprayed the schooner, Randell felt a sudden heavy blow on the front of his right thigh. His leg went numb and he staggered and looked down, expecting to see blood spurting and wondering why he was still able to stand. Instead of blood he saw a little shapeless blob lying on the deck at his feet and realized the bullets were wax, such as were sometimes used against rioters in order to disperse them without causing death or wounds.

Randell Lost the Argument

Then Randell saw that a shell had jammed in the four-pounder's breech and that the gun was out of action. He kept the I'm Alone on a southerly course and the cutter, which had dropped back, pulled up again and followed all night and all the next day a short distance astern. At evening the I'm Alone took down its sails and headed for a position eighteen to twenty miles off the Mexican coast. By morning the wind had increased to a moderate gale and a rough sea was running. About seven-thirty another cutter approached and Randell saw that she was the Dexter. Her captain put her close enough to the Walcott to hold a shouted conference, after which he bore down on the I'm Alone and signaled her to heave to or be fired on. Randell refused. The cutter fired a warning round and repeated the signal. Randell again refused, roaring scornfully through a megaphone that he was on the high seas and beyond the coast guard's authority.

The Dexter opened fire. After she had sent twenty rounds through the rigging and sails and a few into the hull, her captain once more ordered the schooner to stop. When Randell belated a third refusal the Dexter's captain opened up in earnest. Shells smashed windows and engines and occasionally hit the hull below the water line. Sixty or seventy shots thundered against the vessel. Meanwhile rifle shots were cutting through

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Maw! Guess who's sleeping in my bed!"

the cabin house, through the ports in the cabin and around the men gathered aft. None was struck except by splinters, which were flying everywhere.

When the engineer reported that the floor of the engine room was covered with fast-rising water Randell ordered the schooner's boats to be put over the side. It took ten minutes, and by that time the I'm Alone's foredeck was level with the sea. When Randell jumped, the ship's bow was twenty feet under water, her stern ten feet in the air and she was beginning to dive.

The men were picked up, gasping and shivering, by the two cutters. Randell was full of admiration for a coast-guardsmen who dove into the lashing waves and tried to save the I'm Alone's boatswain, Léon Mainguy, but succeeded only in bringing his drowned body to the surface. The men were given hot drinks and dry clothing—and then were sent below decks and put in irons. Randell noted later that he didn't blame the coast guard captains for sinking his ship, since they were only obeying orders, but "I consider it a most cowardly action to blow my boat to pieces with a gale of wind blowing and a heavy sea running, when any man but a strong swimmer could not expect to live."

After Randell and the crew were released from imprisonment in the Custom House at New Orleans (the United States district attorney dropped the case against them) Randell went home to Nova Scotia. His men shipped on in other vessels. The body of Léon Mainguy was sent to his native St. Pierre in a fine coffin paid for by the I'm Alone's owners—an act of generosity that cost them, all in all, \$516.14.

Randell and his family moved to Toronto, were bathed briefly in the light of publicity, then left in peace. Randell, finished with rumrunning for

life, took a series of jobs which included command of a large motorboat on Great Bear Lake in 1932, and later went back with his family to Nova Scotia. He died in Halifax in the winter of 1944, at the age of sixty-four.

Meanwhile on January 5, 1935, almost six years after the sinking, the international commission appointed to rule on the I'm Alone case gave its decision. The commissioners were Sir Lyman Duff for Canada and Willis Van Devanter for the United States who concluded that although the schooner's business at the time she was sunk was unlawful the action of the coast guards was unlawful too.

The United States government made a formal apology to the government of Canada and paid it twenty-five thousand dollars as a token of its regret. Nothing was paid to the owners of the I'm Alone but in addition to the token payment, the United States paid another twenty-five thousand dollars in compensation to Randell and his crew. For having lost his job and all his gear, which rather astonishingly included a collapsible opera hat, Randell was awarded \$7,906. The crew got sums varying from nine hundred to thirteen hundred dollars and the boatswain's widow was given a shade over ten thousand for herself and her three children.

All the men survived to get their money except a young cook who had died. Captain Randell used to say pityingly, as a result of the strain of having been trapped in the forecabin while the coast guards were riddling it with rifle fire that missed him by inches. He was awarded nine hundred and seven dollars. His name was the final touch of strangeness in the I'm Alone's curious story.

It was William Wordsworth. ★

The Alien

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

presented to the councilors for their approval. Of course that's just a formality. Actually our first offer was fair enough—it would have gone through too." He cleared his throat. "The second offer—I was instrumental in getting the second offer made. As I said, I have the interest of the Indians at heart too."

"I still don't think the band will—it isn't what the band wants, Mr. Gillis. They want more land—two hundred thousand dollars if they were able to get deeded land for twenty an acre—would bring them no more than ten thousand acres and that's going to be cut down by the project considerably. As it is the only land adjoining the reserve is Western Power and Hydro land so that unless your principals are willing to . . ."

"They won't."

"Then it really isn't much of an offer."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Sinclair. Ottawa doesn't."

"Perhaps not. But Ottawa doesn't have the final say—the Indians . . ."

"A few Indians aren't going to stand in the way . . ."

"They could be very stubborn. Don't underestimate the sovereignty of the Indians—they're pushed around



but they have to be pushed around willingly!"

"The arrangement is going through."

"Is it?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry it is."

"Oh—it's going through and I think we're doing the right thing by them. We can't be responsible for an impractical setup that—I mean—is it our fault that we can't see our way clear to giving up land . . ."

"That the Indians need."

" . . . That is the fault of the agency putting them here in the first place, with insufficient land, and where they must have known there was no chance to remedy that lack. Believe me—it was not good business my persuading the others to make this second offer—we could have managed with the first—in the end it will have cost us at least an extra hundred thousand—what the Indians ask would be a million—we are not going to do that, I assure you."

"All right."

"And I would like your help."

"My help!"

"Perhaps the others were not so altruistic as I when they consented to the second offer. I did not put it to them in the light of the Indians' need."

"How did you?"

"I pointed out that while they could certainly get what they wanted under the conditions of our first offer they might be—ah—it might be felt that offer wasn't a fair one—and while there was no doubt that it would have gone through—it would be nicer if we—if we could feel that everyone was quite satisfied an equitable arrangement had been made. That is almost so now—with the exception you mentioned a moment ago—the Indians themselves."

"You mean that your company was

willing to pay an additional hundred thousand dollars simply because of the feelings of a few Indians?"

"Not entirely—there were others. That is why I tell you that it is going through—the others are quite satisfied . . ."

"And only Old John and Ezra and the other councilors—the band members are left?"

"That's right."

"And you say it will go through whatever they think."

"Yes."

"Then why do you need my help?"

"Well," he sighed, "I told you that I'm grateful for the summers I've had up here. I am not an insensitive man. I've seen what you've done for these people. I was quite sincere when I said that I persuaded the others for the good of these Indians. I did. I would like to see them happy with the arrangement as it will be."

"How do I . . ."

"You have a great deal of influence with them. I would like you to use that influence . . ."

" . . . to make them happy with the arrangement."

"Look—there is not the slightest chance that Western Power and Hydro will consider parting with that land. There is no hope for the Indians whatever in that direction. I am not telling you that what I offer is the best possible thing for them. I know they need more land. I think it would be wonderful if they had it. But—it—will—not—be! In a sense I have been disloyal to the best interests of my company when I persuaded the others to make this further offer. I did so because I wanted to see these people get some more—if they couldn't get all that they needed."

"Mr. Gillis, that's how it is?"

He nodded. "It is how it is. I would like you to see that's how it is and to make them see that's how it is. I could tell you that if they didn't there would be the possibility that the second offer would be withdrawn and the company return to its first—unwilling to pay an additional hundred thousand dollars for a satisfaction that did not exist. That wouldn't be quite right, for it has not been the Indians only who had to be satisfied. But I do advise you strongly to be satisfied with what you can get and not sacrifice it for something you cannot get."

"And you expect me to give you an answer now?"

"Heavens no—not now. We want to get this cleared up as soon as we can—but it isn't something you can decide right now—or if you had decided—that you could execute in a moment. I want you to think it over. I shall be out again in a week."

"But I don't see how I can . . . could . . ."

"I would like to bring out or send you a copy of the contract—I would like to have the names of the councilors and band members—or their marks on that copy. That is what I want."

"I should think Mr. Fyfe or the Senator . . ."

"No—we are not concerned with the department or with Ottawa—the Indians themselves. I think they respect your judgment. I think you have their best interests at heart. I think you will see it as I do. I hope you will."

His talk with Gillis had upset him more than he believed anything could now. His first impulse had been to speak to Grace about it; he had decided that he must think it over first. Gillis had convinced him of the hopelessness of the land exchange; there had been a serious undertone of sincerity in the man's argument. And he knew that Grace's would be an unthinking and emotional denial of the offer; he knew as well that he would find himself

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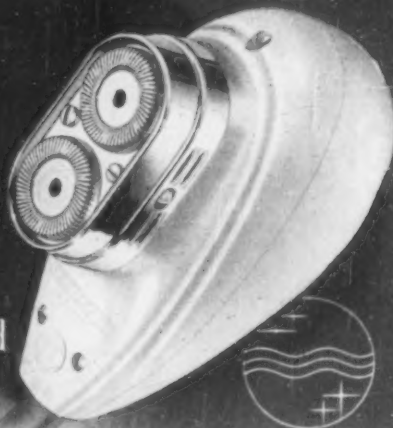
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justifying it and that was distasteful to him. The offer was wrong. He knew that. Mentally he computed again and again the ten-year amount with initial payment and the rental—dividing it by the number of the band—the answer was small—in the class of calf cheques—treaty payments—those pittance stepping stones that carried them over hard times. He took the ten-year amount—divided by the number of families—he subtracted the cost of renovating the old Sheridan house for a hospital—roughly imagined the cost of operation—that could be managed. At least there was that.

The offer was wrong. Gillis hadn't denied that. But he had been so positive that Western Power and Hydro would do no more. He had closed that door firmly. And Carlyle knew that he had been telling him the truth. They would go no further. And if they would not, then perhaps—damn it, what else was there? Once you had ruled out the land exchange there was nothing else. Even the first offer looked good—the second twice as good. There had been a threat—no—Gillis had admitted that they would not go back on the second offer. Then damn it let them put it through if they could—let them go ahead and put it through without the Indians' accord. He was sick of it! Sick of the whole matter! Even if they had got the land deal—what difference would it have made? You couldn't hold them up forever. They'd run it into the ground. They'd never make it on their own—never in a million years! What was to be gained? What had been gained with Victoria? At the thought of her he was suddenly sick with sadness. The wrong way. It was all being done the wrong way. The more they were helped the further down you pushed them into the muskeg—the harder you made it for them to get through the muskeg—and as soon as you took your hand away, they were lost. They went right down all the more quickly because they had relied on your help and it weakened them.

He wished he were out of it; he was tired. He couldn't face Grace's bright optimism. Later—he'd bring the matter up with her later. When he could fight. When he could fight.

He returned to the matter again and again during school hours; several times he was on the point of mentioning it to Grace, but the immediate prospect of coming to grips with the thing dulled his intention. At length when he felt he could worry himself no longer, he decided he must talk it over with her when he had returned from the school. He could put it off no longer. He stepped inside the house to find Louis Chinook, seated on a kitchen chair, his dark hat in his lap, dark glasses staring before him. The blind head drummer did not pause in what he was saying to Grace, busy over at the dispensary cupboard.

" . . . the old fellow used to have church the morning and he speak those young fellow. Tell 'em all what was wrong with the world. Then afternoon he have another one. Tell the old fellow all what was wrong. What he shouldn't do. Now they don't do that no more." The dark glasses turned in Carlyle's direction. "Don't do that no more, Mr. Sinclair."

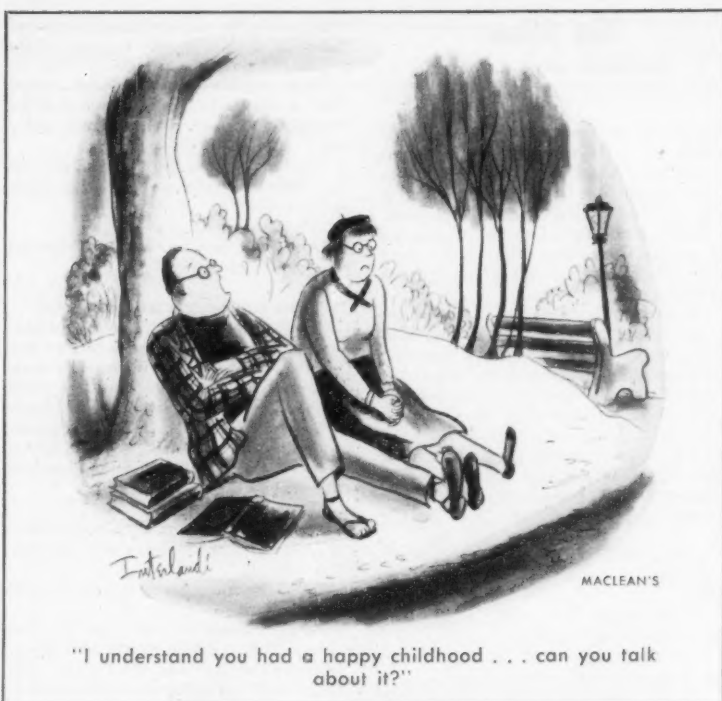
"Grace."

"You're home early." She did not turn from the dispensary cupboard. "I'm just getting Louis some ginger."

"Now the young fellow do whatever he like," observed Louis. "He don't know no better."

"Here you are Louis." She handed him his ginger in a small paper candy bag.

"Cough medicine for the grownup, Mrs. Sinclair."



"Have you a bottle?" Carlyle asked him.

"No."

"That's all right, Louis." Grace returned to the cupboard, took out a bottle, reached in for a cork.

"Now the young fellow do what he like. Get drunk. Go in folks' house—tight. Fight in there. They come in my house—drunk—fight—the little girl's cryin'. So—thanks—so—I get up and I go out my house. Then come back after a while."

"That all you want, Louis?" Carlyle asked him.

"Yes. Next day the fellow come over. He tell me he's sorry." Louis got up. "I guess that's all."

Grace went to him, took his sleeve and led him to the door. She turned back. "Car, will you take Louis as far as the trail?"

He went to Louis. Wordlessly he led him as far as the path, then returned to the house. He found that MacLean Powderface had called in the few moments it had taken him to put Louis on the trail home.

"Perhaps you ought to take him into town, MacLean," Grace was saying.

"He'll be all right."

"Car—MacLean says Howard's sick—first it was a cold but he thinks it's something more now."

"Hey-uh," said MacLean. "Huh-he-lay on the cuh-cuh-cot there. He's hot."

"His chest?" said Grace.

"Wuh-well I—duh-don't know."

"Take him into town in the truck tomorrow," said Grace.

"No. He'll get better," MacLean assured her. "Mustard plaster. Mustard puh-pah-puh . . ." his head began to sway, his eyes closed " . . . plaster fixed him last time."

Grace gave him the mustard plaster. MacLean left.

"How'd it go, dear?" She did not look up from the pharmacy report sheet where she marked down Louis' ginger and MacLean's mustard plaster.

"Don't you have any hours for that thing?"

She looked up. "What's wrong?"

"Louis—MacLean—can't they come when you have dispensary hours?"

"They come when they want medicine."

"They come and they demand and they expect. What's wrong with Louis?"

"He has a cold . . ."

"No—no—he knows he's supposed to save the bottle—wash it—bring it with him—when he feels like it!"

"Car, what's made you angry?"

"Nothing . . ."

"You know it's this way every spring—when the colds sweep through them. Do you begrudge them the medicine?"

"No—no. It's—I guess I get a little impatient . . ."

"You shouldn't."

"But you have hours—they know the hours—why can't they come in those hours?"

"Because their sickness doesn't know the hours."

"I don't mean anything serious, Grace. I mean—their colds—and 'flu—and a kink in the back or—a headache . . ."

"They come when their bodies move them to. That's the way they are."

"I suppose."

"Car."

"Yes."

"What's bothering you?"

"I—oh hell—I'm just fed up. I—sometimes I think we're wasting our time. Nothing can be done for them."

"Oh, Car!"

"Everything you do for them ties them tighter to your aid. It's time they—the trouble is they should have been left to sink or swim!"

"That's not right."

"Look at them. Who built the houses? The ones who were willing to work—a handful of them. The only ones worth . . ."

"Car, they're all humans . . ."

"And just what does that mean! That doesn't answer anything!"

"It does for me, Car."

"Well, it doesn't for me! They're not good ones—they're not worthwhile ones. Not these! I'm not so sure they ever were! I question the nobility of these old chiefs—I question the honor and dignity they were supposed to have."

"What about MacLean and . . ."

"A handful of the whole works. And why are they a cut above the others—because they were taught to read and write and pray? No. Because they were pushed out of the nest up at Hanley and they had to go to work for ranchers through the hills—because they starved for a while—that's why they're a little better. And the other

lazy bastards—they can't carry out a haying contract or fencing or rail cutting—honestly—the Prince Left-hands and the Johnny Educations. The worst thing that's happened to these people is that they have this reserve and Ottawa to pull them through hard times!"

"But what about their health—their children's education?"

"Useless! Hopeless! All they learn is to grab and chisel and scrounge better. With a better command of the language they can beg and borrow and steal . . ."

"Car—Car!"

"It's pointless—worthless . . ."

"It is for the older ones—I know—but not for the children—there's your chance—you're not teaching them simply arithmetic and spelling and reading—you're giving them a chance their people never had . . ."

"I give them nothing!"

"But you are, Car. The reserve system's terribly wrong, but it's . . ."

"Glorified relief!"

"But it holds the fort now, doesn't it! Until the younger generation . . ."

"Who will be just one step further away from decency and respectability . . ."

"Until the younger children you've been teaching get their chance—perhaps with the ranchers—perhaps with their own holding . . ."

"There won't be any holding for them. There'll never be land enough for them!"

"There will—there will! It'll work out! Car, I hate it when you get this way! It frightens me. You don't mean it. I hope you don't mean it. Oh, Car, I hope you don't!"

"Oh . . ." The breath left in a long drawn sigh. "I guess not. Don't pay any attention to me. I suppose I don't."

"Victoria was only one," she said to him gently. "There'll be others." She waited a moment. "There will be others." She waited a moment. "There will be others," she said again.

He supposed then was the time to tell her of his conversation with Gillis. He did not. After his outburst he felt drained of all energy.

THE AFTERNOON of the signing Old John, the councilor, sat in his cabin, the floor littered with the effluvia of stove and woodpile and table; ash, dust, bits of twig lay everywhere. Over the char and crumbs and grease on the bare wood table, blowflies swarmed with delight; a putrifying round of sausage moved with crawling maggots on a piece of newspaper. The old man swept it to the floor. Soon Herbert Tail-feather would be out from town with his order; no more kinnikinnick this month; it would be fresh pork steak and Philip Morris cigarettes and raisin bread now for a long time. Maybe if he spoke to Gillis again when he came—just before the signing maybe if he told he thought there should have been more—thirty dollars was a lot of raisin bread—hundred loaves maybe . . ."

The evening of the signing Old John's cabin had been crowded unbelievably; they sat on the floor and stood along the walls; only Old John had a chair; Gillis was by the door, smiling now and again, shaking hands with each band member as he came in. Carlyle had not realized that the man had made so many acquaintances among the Indians in his visits to the valley.

Ezra Shot-Close with his black frock coat, his squashed nose, was the last to arrive. He told Carlyle in low solemn tones that MacLean Powderface's son, Howard, had died, that the bridge was out so he could not get over to the Turkey Track ranch buildings to do the services for the boy. "What is this,

Mr. Sinclair?" asked the lay preacher. "You'll hear, Ezra. Mr. Gillis will explain. I will say something."

Gillis with understanding simplicity told the gathered Indians, through Prince Lefthand as an interpreter, the meaning of the new power company offer. Just as he had been with Carlyle a week before, he was quite convincing in his statement that there would be no land. The Indians listened to him, their faces showing no trace of feeling at the news that the power company would not make a land transfer in exchange for the power privileges they

sought in Paradise Valley.

"Tonight I brought this paper . . ."

Gillis waited for Prince to translate.

"For you to sign with us . . ."

"It is what I say—and what Mr. Sinclair will say . . ."

"One hundred thousand dollars was the first—this one . . ."

"Is two hundred thousand dollars . . ."

"It is a good offer . . ."

"And all . . ."

"You will get . . ."

He looked at Prince for a moment after he had finished, seemed about to add to what he had said, then instead

went to the door and took up his old position.

Carlyle spoke to them. He did not have to use Prince, for he could talk to them in the language he had learned years before when he had first come to Paradise Valley.

"Mr. Gillis has told you the truth. This is the best we can do. He wants your marks on the paper. He says it will make no difference if you don't. But it will be better this way. That is the paper on John's table. I wanted the land for you, but you can't have that. Ottawa says this is all right. They have

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talked with Mr. Gillis. This is the best thing we can do. That's all." He walked to the side of the room. They would speak now, each in turn; it would take probably all night but in the end they would sign Gillis' contract. He was through with them now.

In the smoke-laden cabin no man stirred. Minutes went silently by. For the first time in the many meetings he had attended among them Carlyle saw them unwilling to express themselves. When the waiting had become intolerable, he walked to the centre again.

"I will sign first,"
He bent over the contract and swiftly wrote his name; he laid the pen on the bare table top.

Again the stillness lowered over the cabin. Not one stepped forward.

Old John stirred in his chair. He rose, limped to the centre of the floor.

"I'll sign."

He fumbled for the pen, made his mark below Carlyle's signature. He sat down.

Carlyle saw that Ezra's eyes were on him.

"Mr. Sinclair?" The deep voice was questioning. Carlyle nodded his head.

"I sign."
"Mr. Sinclair?" It was Izaiah.

"Yes, Izaiah," said Carlyle.

Izaiah signed.

"Mr. Sinclair?"

"Yes, Prince."

"Mr. Sinclair?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Yes, Herbert."

"Yes, Jonas."

THE MORNING after the signing Old John, the councillor, leaned back in his chair, legs stretched ahead of him, the toes of his woolen socks turned up. He was experiencing a pleasant state of satiation, his stomach stuffed with raisin bread and pork steak, the fullness further tightened by the gaseous pressure of four bottles of cream soda. From the drum stove radiated warmth that eddied and curled the sea-like surface of blue smoke throughout the room. He stirred only now and again to light a new Philip Morris cigarette from the end of a dying one, the growing ash breaking and falling down his underwear front. There would be no end to them—six cartons—package after package in each carton—and from the thirty-dollar cheque there had been lots left over for raisin bread. Without moving his head he could see the blue-and-white waxed wrappers of the five dozen loaves stacked against the wall beyond the table. Raisin bread and cigarettes to sign first—thirty dollars for just that. For taking the pen to sign first, Gillis had paid him thirty dollars to do just that.

Even with the hum of the flies he would not drop off, for he had slept his fill; he would miss none of his beatitude; at least two hours stretched before him utterly free of disturbance or demand. No muscle need move; the nagging ache had been erased from them by heat now; he could feel soft pleasure mild in elbow, shoulder, hip and ankle joints.

Where the denim wrinkled at the knee he saw an amber head appear, then the first four working legs of a caterpillar, striped like a miniature garter snake. Thirty dollars gone now.

It hadn't happened to him before in his life—someone to give him a thirty-dollar cheque like that for all that raisin bread and all those cigarettes. It wouldn't happen to him again in his life.

THE EVENING after the signing Grace looked at Carlyle, started to speak, was silent again, her forehead

perplexed. "You have a different set of rules, Carlyle. It isn't even the same game."

"It never has been," he said slowly. "I can't understand. You told me nothing about Gillis' first visit—nothing about the meeting last night..."

"It never has been as long as I can remember. It's something..."

"It isn't what you think it is at all!" she said passionately. "That's what I've been trying to tell you—it has nothing to do with your..."

"What do you know about it! You're not smoked!"

"And if I were I..."

"You haven't got it in you! You don't—haven't wished and hoped and wanted to get out of your own damned skin!"

"Perhaps I haven't..."

"That you'd never been born—that it wasn't your body! What do you know about it—you're pure clean through!"

"Pure—purity—Carlyle, you can't pass it off as easily as that! Your blood



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has nothing to do with it! Except as a whipping boy—a repository for blame! The trouble with you is more than that, Carlyle!"

"Is it—is it!"

"Yes! It is! You've just never grown up to contain the world, that's all! Or the other people in it. Me—your children—Carlyle Sinclair stops at the outer edges of Carlyle Sinclair! You contain no wife—no family—no friends—no other humans! White—red—black—yellow—poor—rich—stupid—young—old—and now for sure—now for sure—when you sell them out to the power company. Now you deny the blood you claim every time you blame it for your shortcomings—you—oh..." She stopped. "All right, Carlyle. It's no use. Forgive me. I shouldn't have said it. It's only partly true, dear. Car, Car—at first I thought—I was going to leave you—I can't—I wouldn't! I'm going to take Sylvia—I phoned to the Senator. We're going into town and stay with him..."

"All right," said Carlyle.

"Victoria—signing the power company agreement—I've got to, Car. You've got to work it out for yourself. Perhaps you can. I hope you can. Whatever you do you've got to do it yourself."

"All right."

"I'm not leaving you, Car. I could never leave you whatever you did. When you—when—whatever you decide—you can get me at the Senator's—in town."

"All right." ★

Next Issue: **CONCLUSION**
The Message of the Drums

How We Fought Polio In the Arctic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

September when he decided to go home to Eskimo Point.

What Tutu didn't know was that he was carrying a virus. It was something of a pioneer virus in the Arctic and with the help of Tutu it made a deadly penetration into the north. Tutu was its protector and so Tutu was spared but the spread of disease that was caused by Tutu's trip created the fiercest epidemic the north had yet known. Because Tutu traveled slowly and visited many friends, the virus gained a wide circulation. Tutu enjoyed all the privileges of native hospitality on his way home, sleeping with the wives of his kind hosts and enjoying their caribou meat and dappes and whip-handling contests. From camp to camp, from tent to tent, from Eskimo to Eskimo, Tutu's virus made its way into the Arctic.

I first became alarmed by the "mysterious disease" when a telegram reached me from Chesterfield as I was seated comfortably in front of the fireplace in our southern Ontario home, enjoying my Christmas vacation. My wife Viola and I had gone to Chesterfield Inlet early in 1946 when my application for a post as a medical health officer in the Department of National Health and Welfare was accepted, and I was assigned a territory of six hundred thousand square miles sweeping west from Hudson Bay. We went there right after I graduated from the University of Western Ontario and spent nearly four years a thousand miles north of Winnipeg, often diagnosing and treating patients hundreds of miles away by radio.

So when the telegram arrived—"Several cases strange illness and death please return," it told us tersely—we flew back to the northland while I began reviewing events that might give a clue to the unidentified illness that was taking hold of my district.

A few months before there had been some isolated cases of patients showing a certain type of residual paralysis. It had been at Nunella and Eskimo Point but because the weather prevented all travel I had not been able to see the patients myself. However I had the impression that it might be serious and at my request the department flew one of the victims to Winnipeg for accurate diagnosis. Soon thereafter I received the verdict: Guillain-Barré disease. I had never heard of it and looked it up in my books but did not get much wiser. A rare disease, cause unknown. Surprisingly, my books said it was not connected with permanent residual paralysis but I did not let that disturb me because the specialists' diagnosis was likely correct.

During the ensuing weeks I treated several other cases, giving directions by radio. Some recovered, others died. I claimed the bodies for autopsy but could not organize a patrol to get them out; the weather was worse than I had ever seen it. The bodies remained in the camps, frozen and waiting for my scalpel.

Because we heard of a few more cases of this disease I finally decided to dare it and visit Tavani, a hundred and fifty miles down the coast from Chesterfield. I was determined to see the patients myself.

That was November and strangely enough the weather changed suddenly. The temperature went up and melted the snow. Twice we had to give up the trip because the dogs could not pull the komatik across the soft snow.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE



YOUSUF KARSH

photographs

ST. JOHN'S

In the fourth of his new series of portraits of Canadian cities Karsh presents the least known of Canada's capitals and he reveals some startling post-Confederation changes in old Newfoundland.

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MACLEAN'S JANUARY 15: ON SALE JANUARY 6

A third attempt was successful and after a voyage of ten days we arrived at Tavani. It turned out they had no cases of paralysis there. I was informed I would have to travel another hundred miles to examine a patient. Because the snow was so bad we decided against it and stayed at Tavani to do some other medical work. I sewed up a few cuts, pulled some teeth, treated eye infections and inoculated the children. Then a telegram came from Chesterfield reporting that some very sick Eskimos had come in. The nurses wired that a number of natives in a camp not far from there showed signs of paralysis. I flew there and if I hoped to see a patient who had the strange Guillain-Barré illness I met with disappointment. Practically all the people in this small camp had been stricken at the same time, a few hours after they had devoured a freshly caught seal. Some died and nearly all showed symptoms of respiratory paralysis but I soon found out that the seal had been infected and that an infected seal had caused similar deaths in the past. It was a case of Arctic food poisoning, unusual, but localized and not alarming.

Shortly afterward, RCMP Sgt. Paddy Hamilton brought the body of an Eskimo who had died from the presumed Guillain-Barré infection and I prepared to perform an autopsy.

An Arctic autopsy is a far cry from one in a city hospital. In both cases the body is frozen but Arctic temperatures provide a natural deep freeze far beyond what is usually required for preservation. It was several days before the body was partly thawed and even then I had to use blunt instruments to take out the specimens. The sergeant assisted me in this gruesome task. Every few minutes we had to warm our hands because they grew numb with excessive cold. I managed to assemble some specimens and although I did not have the correct preservatives I carefully packed and re-froze them for laboratory inspection in Winnipeg.

Things grew quiet in Chesterfield and that's when I headed for southern Ontario and my short Christmas holidays. En route I stopped off at Winnipeg to deliver my specimens but the laboratory could not give the clue. My specimens had not been correctly preserved and were spoiled. I sat in on a few medical conferences concerning the one patient we had flown out a few months earlier but no one could give information as to what caused the illness or what could be done to prevent its spread.

I felt it might be a virus infection

and was advised to see Dr. Rhodes, internationally known expert in this field. He gave me advice as to how to detect a virus case, what laboratory tests could be made with my limited equipment in Chesterfield and how the clinical picture could be analyzed. He also gave me some of his papers on poliomyelitis. "This is irrelevant," he said, "but you might be interested in what we are doing."

So that was the background to this "mysterious illness" and when we landed at Chesterfield at Christmas we found the atmosphere tense. Tales of bewilderment brought in from Eskimo Point filled the natives with anxiety and fear. The nurses at the hospital were worried too. No cases had sprung up in the immediate vicinity but reports from the south were alarming and their own patients were fidgety.

Then... my daughter

I decided to fly to Tavani the next morning and asked my pilot, Gunnar Ingebrigtsen, to stay overnight. There I saw my first paralysis patient. I had hoped, yes expected, to make a sensational discovery, to disprove previous diagnoses and put my finger on the real origin of the infection. But I couldn't. It was a form of paralysis, no doubt, but the symptoms were strange. Maybe it was this Guillain-Barré thing, after all, but then it might be meningitis or even... well frankly, it could be anything.

We were preparing to visit Padlei where more cases were reported when an emergency wire arrived from Chesterfield. A man had died during the night and more cases were coming in rapidly. I debated whether I should return or travel on and make further investigations in the interior but the news that followed left me no choice. Just a few hours later another telegram was handed me. More people had died, the hospital was filled to capacity and more patients were coming in. My daughter seemed to be stricken also. We took off for home an hour later.

The flight back seemed endless but when we landed and I walked from the strip to the settlement I felt sudden reluctance. The post presented a picture of gloomy chaos, grey houses against a grey-white snow, with an endless expanse of grey sky above. It occurred to me, as it had that first day long ago, that the houses had been put down without plan and that it showed but a poor attempt on the part of civilization to push forward into the realm of the elements. The place seemed repulsive. There were no stone-

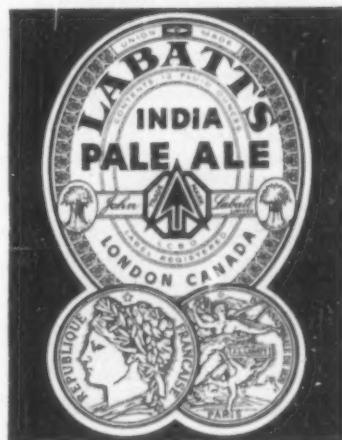
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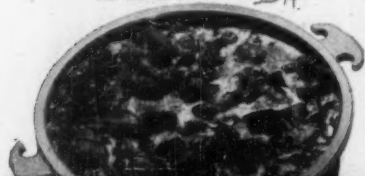
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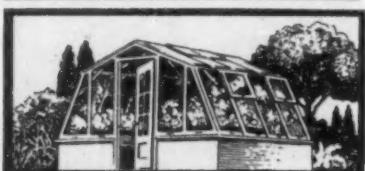
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lined paths now but a confused criss-cross of footsteps, dogtracks and the deep wide parallel lines that had been grafted into the snow by the sleds. My community was in distress and here I was, standing a few hundred yards away, overlooking the desolate place and far from anxious to identify myself with it.

Some Eskimos came out to meet me but they stood back silently when I came near. One man fell down in the snow and could not move farther. Near the hospital two figures struggled forward carrying between them a seemingly lifeless girl. I bit my lip and walked on. In the house, over there, my own girl lay sick, maybe my wife and son also. They, and dozens of moaning patients in the hospital, awaited me.

Soon the whole picture became clear. Angote, an old respected Eskimo, had died the previous night after but six hours of illness. Others had fallen ill quickly thereafter, some seemed already recuperated from the high fever but many had become paralyzed and more deaths had occurred. My wife Viola had spent a sleepless and anxious night with our little Gloria-May. The girl's temperature had risen to 105 and strange muscle spasms had shot through her legs over which she seemed to have lost all control. But the attack had passed; when I came in she contentedly played with a piece of walrus tusk on the bed.

I tried to make up my mind. Meningitis? Guillain-Barré disease? An acute neuritis? What in the world could it be? I rushed over to the hospital. There pandemonium ruled. All beds were filled, many patients were lying under caribou skins on the floor, others hovered outside or had stretched out on the steps. The nurses ran around with thermometers, kidney basins, tongue depressors and hypodermics. I examined two, three, six, took spinal fluids by puncture and isolated myself in the laboratory. Feverishly I prepared tests, spun the fluids, made stains, but no clear picture developed. The fluids were clear: no bacteria. That ruled out meningitis. A virus then, maybe encephalitis. But why? How?

I rushed over to the radio station and sent a wire to Ottawa. "Some sort of virus disease," I wrote, "epidemic of enormous proportions. Still testing for diagnosis."

Evening fell and my laboratory had become a mess of tubes, smears, bottles of fluid, dishes of specimens. Nearly ninety people were reported sick, several whites among them. Still no decisive conclusion. A virus, no doubt, but the symptoms did not fit the clinical picture of any known virus infections.

The following morning the number of patients had risen to one hundred and twenty-five, two young Eskimo children had died. Chesterfield had reached a state of panic and the illness was completely out of control. As I rushed over to the hospital after a few hours of restless sleep Sgt. Hamilton came up to me.

"My constable has a sore leg," he said. "I don't know what it is, Joe, but maybe you could have a look at it later on when you have a moment. I need the man."

"When you have a moment!" I thought. "Don't bother me now with your constable; people are dying."

But I said: "Sure, Paddy, I'll be over."

While examining rows and rows of patients, checking symptoms, trying to patch them together, I could not help but think of the constable and his sore leg. "Probably a boil," I thought, "or maybe a sprained ankle." But I could not get him out of my



"This is what my Dad finds so hard to give up!"

mind and finally deserted my patients to go over and have a look. I had just made ready to give a sedative injection when I pushed the hypo into the nurse's hand and rushed out.

I saw the constable and then I knew. That limp foot, that muscle that had gone dead. There was no mistake now and immediately the full significance of my diagnosis presented itself.

"It is impossible," I thought, "but yet, here it is."

I wired Ottawa and asked for help. I knew it was poliomyelitis! There could be no doubt.

The Isolation Begins

A whirlwind of complications came down upon me as soon as I had made my diagnosis, based on the constable's typical polio drop-foot, and realized its full meaning. My first thought concerned the necessity for stopping a further spread of the disease. Within minutes I had given orders for complete isolation of all families in and around Chesterfield. No one was to leave his house, no contact was to be made in any manner and extra precautions were to be taken. A few Eskimos were charged with the responsibility of distributing food. It was to be deposited in front of homes and igloos and the inhabitants were not allowed to take it in until the distributing native had left. For days no one moved from his home and with the death toll mounting in the hospital the settlement itself took on an atmosphere of doom and deathly silence. I became a lonely figure speeding along from hospital to home, from igloo to igloo, from the radio post to the Hudson's Bay store, warding off vicious attacks from the hungry dogs. At no time were there more than five people traversing the open spaces between the various buildings. Behind the frost-geared windows anxious faces peered out into the deserted community.

But who knew how many Eskimos were roaming about that had the

disease under the skin? How many carriers would visit other camps, sleep with the wives of their hosts, eat from the same chunk of meat that passed from man to man and spread the disaster? Where had the natives gone that had left the community yesterday, or the day before yesterday, or two weeks ago? How many virus were making their way through the region unobstructed? I looked at the map and realized that the disease had come from the south, that most likely dozens of the earlier "mystery" cases had been stricken with the same infection. How could I prevent the sweeping epidemic from enveloping the northern areas? If it spread to the north and west of Baker Lake there would be nothing to halt the cycle of conquest. I went to see the sergeant.

"Paddy, I am going to quarantine the area. Will you help me?"

"What area?"

"Every place where I think the disease has struck. Give me a map."

We unfolded the map. I pulled out my pencil and outlined the region in which all movement was to be restricted, in which no two people could shake hands and into which no one would be allowed to enter, from which no one would be allowed to leave.

"But Joe, that's nearly forty, fifty thousand square miles! You can't do that."

"If I can't do that I can't be responsible for any of the two thousand Eskimos in the far north. But I am responsible for them; they're in my district."

"Will it work?"

"If everyone co-operates it will. This thing has scared the hell out of the Eskimos; if you tell them to stay put they won't budge."

"What will Ottawa say?"

"We'll wire Ottawa immediately of the necessity of the quarantine and I know we'll get authority and full co-operation. At any rate there's no time to lose."

Paddy looked at me and smiled

"You're right, doc," he said. "Where do we start?"

The strategy was quickly established. We wired and radioed the orders to every police post and every Hudson's Bay Company store, every mission and every trapper who could be reached. We radioed to airplanes and later also to ships. We printed flyers and announcements in Eskimo. Via radio and telegram we lectured, explained, preached, begged, yelled and threatened and within two days the largest regional quarantine in medical history had become a fact.

Three days after I sent my wire to Ottawa for help five doctors were flown in. They brought medical supplies and all the necessary equipment but seemed not so well prepared for the vicious cold that met them when they stepped off the plane. The fact that polio had struck during a period of intense and nearly unprecedented cold remained the most remarkable and puzzling aspect of the outbreak.

I escorted the visitors to the hospital to examine the patients. We walked through the ward and my colleagues observed the symptoms carefully. Then came the blow. One of them turned to me and said: "But, doctor, this doesn't look like polio!"

Another one, maybe of the same opinion but more tactful, said: "Whatever it is, it's serious and we'd better give Dr. Moody all the assistance he needs."

I was speechless while hundreds of embarrassing thoughts flashed through my brain. I had lived with polio for days now but these people were still not convinced that my diagnosis was correct. Had I really been wrong? Had I made a fool of myself? And what about the quarantine?

But then I pulled myself together.

"Would you be kind enough to follow me, gentlemen?" I asked, and ushered them into the laboratory where I confronted them with dozens of specimens, spinal-fluid tests, clinical details and records of paralytic phenomena. When we emerged from the little room they unconditionally agreed that polio was not an impossibility although the unusual characteristics were misleading. Then they set to work and arrived at a definite diagnosis.

One night when I was working late in my laboratory fighting off sleep and fatigue I started a test on spinal fluid. It was a double check. I had already established that this fluid had a count of more than two hundred and fifty cell elements. I filled a glass tube, placed it in my centrifuge and started the machine spinning. Suddenly the tube hit an obstruction and shattered, spraying a circle of death on the walls, my face, my clothes. It took a few moments before I realized what had happened. That was the time I nearly surrendered. With the fluid dripping from my face, the centrifuge still madly whirling away, I just stood and stared at the splashes on the wall.

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Had my mouth been open? No. It couldn't have been. But it might have been for a second, wetting my lips or taking a breath in the close atmosphere of the tiny lab. The thoughts rushed through my head. "Should I bother to go home, or just walk over to the ward and lie down on a bed?" And then it occurred to me that all this time I had been looking at the map tacked against the wall on which a thick red line encircled the quarantine area. The fluid had stained a wide path across it and a big blot had nearly obscured the name Chesterfield from which little drops were now dribbling down. It was eerie but the uncalled-for concentration of symbolism brought me back to reality.

I quickly washed myself and changed into a white coat that hung in a closet. I must already have been immune. Days passed and nothing happened.

Many others were spared too but few escaped the wave of hysteria that swept the community. The Eskimos acted strangely. Some were evasive but most seemed co-operative. The hospital was filled to overflowing and many natives had to be treated in their igloos. Some seemed to prefer that. To a certain extent the disaster made them revert to their ancient habits and they seemed to isolate themselves as much as possible from the whites. Nearly everyone imagined muscle weaknesses and I spent much time examining and reassuring the frightened settlers and Eskimos. I learned to spot the symptoms of understandable but disturbing hypochondria and I dodged the men who came running after me telling that their legs were paralyzed. There was no doubt however that many had suffered minor attacks. Nearly everyone was exposed to contamination and even though the whites seemed to have far more resistance than the natives several were seriously ill and one or two were left with paralysis. The death toll mounted steadily.

Exit Languid Routine

A daring move had been made in imposing a quarantine. I had virtually put myself and some two thousand other persons on an island. We had cut ourselves off from civilization, from any contact with the outside world. From now on, anyone who ventured into my restricted area did so at his own risk and would not be allowed to leave without my permission. The tremendous complications that followed often made me wonder whether I had done the right thing. No ship was allowed to touch shore in the quarantine area. Those bringing much needed supplies could only venture close to our coast after they had visited the more northern ports. Supplies had to be loaded on barges and lighters and deposited on the beach. Only after the barges had returned to the ship were the Eskimos allowed to pick up the goods and carry them to the community. Airplanes had to land unassisted and dump their loads far away from the post. The export of furs and all other Arctic products had to be stopped until it could be established that they did not carry the virus. The shaky economy of the Eskimo was disrupted. The languid routine of the Arctic was no more.

Investigations and tests proved irrevocably that my sudden inspirational diagnosis had been correct. We had come upon the fiercest, most remarkable and most devastating polio epidemic that had yet been recorded and which, to my knowledge, has not yet been surpassed. Within ten days the characteristics of this outbreak had changed medical history and the impact of the disease had left its mark

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MACLEAN'S HIDE AND SEEK No. 14

Each of these Canadian athletes once held an international championship. Can you identify the eight Canadian champions and name their sports?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 41



1 SKIING BOXING
HORSESHOE PITCHING GOLF



2 SINGING SKATING
BADMINTON DANCING



3 POLE VAULTING CHESS
FENCING ROWING



4 SQUASH TENNIS
SPRINTING



5 HIGH JUMP BRIDGE
TYPING TENNIS



6 ARCHERY BOWLING
RUNNING TRAPSHOOTING



7 WRESTLING BOXING
WHIST WEIGHTLIFTING



8 BILLIARDS SWIMMING
CURLING

upon a whole generation of Canadian Eskimos.

The strange symptoms which had baffled our attempts to diagnose the disease could only be attributed to the exceptional virulence of the attack. So devastating was the physical and economical influence of the epidemic that any possible increase in the Eskimo population, so far as affected, was set back more than thirty years.

But the quarantine worked and the spread of disease was stopped. How well it worked was demonstrated when Gunnar, my pilot, and I went on a patrol into the interior and were forced down by an oil leak. When we landed an Eskimo saw us but did not come near. I beckoned him to help us but it took quite a bit of talking before he dared move in our direction. That was, nearly nine months after the quarantine had been established.

The disease did not move beyond the boundaries of the restricted area but within the quarantine contamination was inevitable. I often wonder how any of us survived; it doesn't figure out on paper. In Chesterfield which had undoubtedly become the centre of the epidemic the number of patients rose to a hundred and fifty. I worked feverishly day and night, taking specimens, testing spinal fluids, administering drugs and even final rites.

The five doctors from the department had lightened my task. They examined every person in the community, recommended and prescribed therapeutical treatment and wrote extensive reports. It was arranged that the more seriously paralyzed patients would be flown out for physiotherapy in Winnipeg and that a trained physiotherapist would come to Chesterfield to treat others. I was most impressed by the work of the epidemiologist who conducted an intensive survey to find out how the epidemic had started and what had caused its alarming spread. He groped in the dark until he started to check up on the history of Eskimo migrations and foraging trips during the preceding months. It was then that he heard of the Odyssey of Tutu and the whole picture suddenly snapped into focus.

Before he had started on his way home Tutu had worked for a few days at the army camp in Churchill where he traded ivory. Just before he arrived at the camp an accurately-diagnosed polio patient had been flown out. Why I was not informed of this case will always remain a mystery. Maybe the military authorities thought that it was an isolated case or that it should be kept secret to prevent undue fear. It developed that no other cases occurred at the camp but Tutu the Eskimo carried the virus with him and distributed it amongst his brethren.

It was established that most of those so-called Guillain-Barré patients of earlier months had most likely had polio and it was amazing to see how the disease had been carried from camp to camp. Wherever Tutu had been, a case had appeared fifteen days later; all the natives with whom he had come in contact had spread the virus to their own communities. The harbingers from Eskimo Point had started the Chesterfield epidemic which, on account of the unusual concentration of natives in the community, had taken the most lives. We mapped the whole thing out and it was tragic to see how another white man's disease had followed in the wake of so many others to hatchet the poor natives who had never built up an immunity against them. We tell ourselves and the world that we bring civilization to the underdeveloped areas but I have learned that our civilization is an unknown and often unwanted quantity. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

But the United States will do stupid things in 1954. Because of internal pressure from organized groups she will probably force down the price of rubber in Malaya until the workers on the plantations will be so badly paid that they will be ripe for Communism and revolution.

Wall Street will exert too much influence in Washington. President Eisenhower will find that he is a commander-in-chief expected to take orders from those he commands. But I predict that in this year ahead of us he will become less of a compromiser and more of a leader. The faith that the American people placed in him was instinctively right. I sincerely believe that this will be proved to the eyes of history in 1954.

Yet there will be strains between the United States and Great Britain. There are Americans with split minds who want to weaken Britain's world power while expecting her to be a full ally in defense. I suggest that the British Government will become increasingly tough in its dealings with the U. S. This will not come from any jealousy nor any desire of the old aristocrat to regain the glories of other days. But Great Britain will say in plain English: "You cannot weaken our economy and at the same time ask us to assume equal status with yourselves in the matter of defense."

There is no need to bother looking into the crystal in order to see if there will be dark doings in Britain's Colonial Empire. Of course there will be troubles unending. Under the protection of Britain the colonial territories have developed to the point where they are not merely determined to achieve self-government but may want complete independence.

Remember the Fifty Millions

The British have a reply to this, even if it seems out of date. Rightly or wrongly this is the British case: "In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we founded the Empire by the skill of our explorers. We maintained the safety of the Empire by the strength of our arms. In the economic sphere we made Britain a market for your raw materials and we made the colonies a market for our manufactured goods."

"Thus did we maintain a population rising to fifty millions on an island possessing no raw materials except some agriculture, a lot of coal and an abundance of fish. Now you would like to be given complete freedom, but while we undoubtedly have a deep responsibility toward you we have an even greater responsibility to the fifty million Britons living on an island which has not the natural resources to maintain more than twenty million people."

"And may we say to our older children—Canadians, Australians and

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New Zealanders—that it was British exploration, the sacrifice of British blood and the genius of British politics that gave to you the countries in which you are now complete masters. Let us not ask for gratitude because such an emotion is out of date. But perhaps we might hope that you will remember."

There is nothing very proud or exciting about such an attitude. Parents never gain anything by reminding their grown-up children that they sacrificed for them, fed and nourished them, brought them to maturity and responsibility. That devastating vulgarity "So what?" applies to families of nations as well as to families of ordinary parents and children.

The other day I lunched at the Egyptian Embassy in London. There were two former Labour ministers there as well—Dick Stokes and John Strachey—and one other Tory. The ambassador made it perfectly clear that he had a very deep love for the British, but if that love were to continue (as he hoped) then we should get the hell out of Egypt. Those were not his words but they expressed his exact meaning.

A few days before, in the normal peregrinations of political life, I attended a reception at the Spanish Embassy and had a most friendly chat with the ambassador. It seems that the admiration of Spain for Britain is very deep. In fact, if we British would only give back Gibraltar to Spain the concordat would be complete.

A few days later Mr. Emile Bustani, Leader of the Opposition in the Lebanese parliament, invited me to his presence. As an Arab he was educated at Cambridge and in the process developed an almost unbelievable love of the British people. Now that British capital has developed the oilfields of Arabia he thinks that if only the British would leave Arabia the love of the people there for Great Britain would be deeper than the deepest sea.

Thus I foresee that in 1954 there will be a great desire in many territories that the British should withdraw into their little island and maintain a population of fifty millions on natural resources which could not possibly sustain more than twenty millions. Again with the spirit of prophecy upon me, I predict that the British will do no such thing.

Now let us look at the continent of Europe for a moment, that continent which has enriched and bedevilled the story of the human race almost from the beginning of time. Perhaps it is as well to remember that Europe is here to stay, no matter how often we may wish that it would drown itself in the sea.

In 1954 Germany will move relentlessly toward its future without the least idea of what that future may be.

Germany gave Luther to the world, as well as Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Goethe. It also gave us Bismarck, Frederick the Great, Kaiser Wilhelm II and the Austrian-born Hitler. Three times in living memory she invaded France. Twice, by her besotted arrogance, she has plunged the whole world into war.

The best thing that could happen—and none the worse because it is impossible—would be to emigrate the whole German population. They make admirable citizens everywhere except in their own country.

The Platform That Doesn't Rot

Never did I cast a vote at Westminster so unwillingly as when we, the Tories, decided to rearm Germany. But what else could we do? The decision was ours but it was the threat from the Kremlin that gave us no option. Will Germany, as the central power between Communist Russia and the capitalist Western world, be a force for stability? Or will she, like a cocotte, smile first on one and then the other and finally sell her favors to the highest bidder?

Thus do we gaze into the crystal and thus do we ponder. Like the old hymn we do not ask to see the distant scene. Perhaps it is only man's blind faith in the future that makes him go on.

Yet there was one Man, long long ago, who traveled to a Mount and gave to his few hundred hearers a political philosophy that has survived to this day although mankind, in its arrogance, still refuses to accept it. Here were the main planks of his platform:

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.

Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.

Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory.

The Sermon on the Mount was not only an appeal to the spirit but a political document of the utmost importance. When mankind has followed those precepts there has been progress. When mankind has rejected them there has been suffering, failure and darkness.

I cannot see the distant scene for more than a few steps no matter how I gaze into the crystal. Some day perhaps the human race will realize that it is one family, one breed, and that peace on earth will only be attained when there is good will among men.

Until then we must hope and work and build, every man to his ability and every man to his conscience, for each of us is a creature of destiny, and each of us must play our part even though history may never record our names. ★



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'COOL CONTROL'

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Canadian authorities dislike the methods of Senators Jenner and McCarthy, the techniques that John Diefenbaker recently called "Trial by Television." They not only felt this strongly as individuals but they also believed—and the cabinet's mail has tended to confirm—that most Canadian citizens feel the same way.

HOWEVER, the Government had other reasons for not wanting Gouzenko to testify. These explain why the first Canadian reply did not even suggest, let alone encourage, a direct approach to Gouzenko as a free and private citizen.

Ottawa is convinced that Igor Gouzenko has already told every fact he really knows, and everything Gouzenko said has been passed on to the FBI in Washington. Not only the published reports and the public testimony but everything Gouzenko ever said to the Mounties and the Royal Commissioners who questioned him for months on end in 1945 and 1946 have been given to J. Edgar Hoover's men. It's all in the FBI files but the FBI has waged a stubborn and successful fight to prevent its files from being thrown open to congressional committees. One senator admitted to a Canadian reporter that the main reason for wanting Gouzenko is to have another try at getting the FBI to open up.

Ottawa is convinced too that everything Gouzenko testified in 1945 and 1946 is true to the best of Gouzenko's knowledge. The Mounties have checked it and counter-checked it with every available alternative source. They have examined and cross-examined the little Russian cipher clerk and they are sure he was telling the truth.

They are not so sure about what he might say if he got on a congressional television show with Joe McCarthy. Under the skilful prodding of a headline-hungry counsel like Jenner's Bob Morris, or McCarthy's fabulous Cohn and Schine, Gouzenko might be induced to say or to imply things that he couldn't substantiate.

In that event, they fear, Gouzenko might become discredited in the public mind and his original testimony lose its weight and value. Gouzenko was the witness, and in many key cases the only witness, to prove the Communist conspiracy as it operated in Canada. If any doubt is cast on anything he says, the only gainers can be the Communists and their fatherland Soviet Russia.

IT'S HARDLY NEWS, though, that Ottawa is annoyed by a congressional committee. What is new, and much more disturbing, is that this time the Canadian Government is also at outs with the United States Administration.

Canadian authorities were more than merely "surprised," they were furious when Herbert Brownell, U. S. Attorney General, published secret documents as political weapons against the Democrats. One was a letter from J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, in which Canada was prominently mentioned. It did nothing to soothe Canadian irritation that Hoover had got his facts innocently but hopelessly muddled.

Hoover was reporting to the White House that Harry Dexter White was a Soviet spy. White, former assistant secretary of the U. S. Treasury, was about to be confirmed as a U. S. representative on the International Monetary Fund. After a detailed account of White's espionage Hoover went on to give more information which, he said, "originated with sources high

placed in the Canadian Government."

According to these "high placed sources," Britain and Canada were likely to nominate Harry Dexter White to the important post of managing director of the fund. Hoover said "my Canadian source" was aware of White's activities as a spy, and was warning him that "United States acquiescence" in this supposed Anglo-Canadian proposal would make White's election a certainty.

Hoover's story was so preposterous that it was thought at first to be groundless. Canadian Government economists didn't know in 1946 that Harry Dexter White was a spy, but they did know him and they didn't like him. "The most difficult man I ever had to deal with," one of them said of White afterward. Canadian delegates wouldn't have nominated White



MACLEAN'S

"Your prescription calls for a pair of walking shoes and a small mallet to smash your TV screen. How do you want them wrapped?"

to anything; neither would the British, who had the same opinion of him.

It took several days of enquiry to unearth the story which J. Edgar Hoover had got so thoroughly scrambled:

White's nomination as managing director was never intended by either the Canadian or the British Governments; there were rumors that it was intended by the U. S. Government itself. A Canadian economist's grumbling against this American suggestion happened to come to the ears of a security officer—not a Canadian official, but one working in Ottawa for another Allied power.

This officer did know that White was a Soviet agent because Hoover's own FBI had told him so. When he heard about the American plan to make White managing director he concluded (rightly, as it turned out) that the FBI had not been informed of its own Government's intention. So he sent off a hurried message to Washington to let Hoover know what was cooking.

That was the message Hoover received from his "Canadian source." But by the time Prime Minister St. Laurent had tracked down all the details of this complicated and long-forgotten incident, he had twice been asked about it in parliament and had said, quite truthfully, that he had no knowledge of any such message ever having been sent. When at last he was able to give parliament the full and true facts, Canada had already been made to appear in an unflattering and faintly sinister light. ★

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It's No Fun Being Funny

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

from eight years ago, when we were post-graduate English students at the University of Toronto—sitting in the reference library looking worried.

We go home, spread out our notes and start working for gags. We pace the floor, chew our nails, teeter, peer out windows, frown, shake our heads and sometimes get stymied and just sit there for hours on end looking at one another without saying a word.

Sometimes we carry the blank stare into overtime. We stare at our families and friends, still thinking of the unfinished script. Our wives are used to it. When they see the expression, they say, "Leave him alone, he's writing."

We get about one page of finished script to every eight pages of copy. We work at each joke till it's right; pruning it, reworking it, shifting the emphasis, reading it back and forth till we get the right ride to it. A joke has to scan properly. It's like Virgil. Not that it has to break down into iambic pentameter, but—well, take that joke that has become a test pattern for comedians: "Pardon me, do you have twenty cents for a cup of coffee?" You say, "Coffee's only a dime." And he says, "I know—won't you join me."

That has cadence and rhythm. Suppose he said, "I know. I would like you to join me." It isn't funny. Maybe you don't think the first one was funny either; but the point is it's funnier than the second, purely because of the sound, the impact it has on your ear.

There's an old story among comedians about this technique. It's about a group of professional comedians sitting around knocking one another out by just mentioning jokes by number. "Seventeen," someone says. Everybody laughs. "Forty-four," another one says. They fall off their chairs. Then a new member of the group tries it. "Thirty-six," he says. Nobody laughs. When he asks afterward what happened, they explain: "It's not the joke, it's the way you tell it." A comedian develops a sense of pace and timing that's an important factor in humor. We use the audience to help it along. We don't wait for laughs as most people think. We use laughs as punctuation—we think of them as colons and semicolons. We can time them and control them to build up a good pace.

Every time we go in to our tailor, he says, "Man! I've got a real suit for you. Something really sharp. Long jacket, green-and-yellow check. Wear it with a red shirt and a blue bow tie and you'll stop people like a traffic light."

He wants to dress us like show people. Good advertising, he says. We tell him that isn't what we want. He looks baffled and asks what we do want. We tell him we want to dress like gentlemen and he bursts out laughing and says, "That's a wonderful gag," and starts hauling out suits with baggy pants.

Writing a half-hour of humor to a weekly deadline, hot or cold, whether you feel good or have a toothache, isn't done with long jackets and red shirts. Our show goes into about a million and a half homes. Our audience is made up of people of every age, type and taste in humor. We have to try to make them all laugh. We work for a kind of humor that's based on simple familiar things. An example would be the bit we worked into one program when we announced that we were expecting a very special guest, the

manager of a drive-in theatre. The announcement was followed by the sound of a car roaring up the aisle and squealing to a stop. That sounds easy: the sort of thing you'd think up in a minute. It isn't.

In that particular case we had to figure out what to do with the imaginary car and its passenger once the gag was over. Not that anyone would really think there was a car in the studio, but humor has to produce a certain illusion of reality or it falls flat. Leaving that fictitious car there without doing anything about it would have spoiled the feeling. Nothing else would have made sense. It would have been just as if a mystery-story writer had built up an important character then, without explanation, dropped him halfway through the book. The thing had to be solved—with a laugh.

We kept coming back to that one all day, without getting anywhere. We had another go at it after supper. We tried one idea after another but they didn't jell. We tried having the manager come up on stage, with Herb May taking the part, but it upset the rest of the program. We didn't want the theatre manager in the script; we just wanted him out of the studio. We worked till three in the morning without getting the right gimmick. We finally gave up and went to bed.

Next morning, driving downtown, we got the answer. It was simple. We saw a guy get stuck at the corner of Avenue Road and St. Clair, blocking the path of a turning streetcar. He backed up his car. We had the answer. We'd just tell a bad joke and have the manager of the drive-in slap his car into reverse and shoot out of the studio.

Transforming everything into show material becomes a subconscious process. It goes on all the time, when we're in restaurants, talking to friends, having lunch, sitting at a ball game, walking down the street, or sitting in a show.

Is Chicken Pox Hilarious?

In our search for gags we have to keep clear of those that will offend someone. Jokes based on any form of affliction are taboo; the only people we make fun of are ourselves. We can't even use jokes like the wartime favorite about the short-sighted doctor who, when the expectant father said, "What is it, doc?" answered, "A baby." There are too many short-sighted people in the world.

Even then you never know when you're going to make somebody mad. One time we did a show about a dentist's office. The patient was nearly murdered. We had a lot of fun. So did the studio audience. Right after that we got a letter from a dental organization. It said: "So far, we've spent one million five hundred thousand dollars trying to convince the public that the dentist doesn't hurt. You've offset all our work in one night. Thank you. Yours very truly . . ."

It's problems like that which make it hard sometimes for us to keep from laughing when people get that look: "Watch out! Here come Wayne and Shuster! Watch for the batteries under their hats!"

Some people don't even wait for the gag. They start laughing anyway. If one of us says, "Both my kids have chicken pox," somebody says "Jeez! That's funny."

Mechanics hand us bills for a hundred and seventy-five dollars for gaskets, gears, fuel lines, fittings, bolts, nuts and top lube and stand there chuckling while they wait for us to look funny. When we just look sick, like anybody else, they figure we're having an off day.

WIDE OPEN

There is one type of fellow we rarely find —
He approaches a problem with open mind;
Of another kind, though, there is never a drouth —
He approaches a problem with open mouth.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

It's the same if we go to a doctor. He's always supplying us with the latest joke while he taps our knees, peers down our throats and pumps air around our arms.

"Did you hear why the Brooklyn kid put the television set on the stove?" he asks, prodding a tonsil. "Well, he did it because he wanted to see Milton Boil. Get it? Milton Berle. Berle, Boil. It's in Brooklyn, see? Ha-ha."

A year ago when we had been chosen among the best-dressed men in Canada we thought maybe we'd be accepted as normal. It didn't make any difference. A week later we were at a party when an elderly grey-haired woman came over to us. She was the sort of woman you wouldn't want to have sitting opposite you if you didn't know which fork to pick up. She had a stern haughty face and blue hair. But we were ready for her. We had the assurance of knowing we were correctly dressed. We greeted her grandly, like gracious stars. She leaned over and whispered, with no change of expression. "You're a crazy couple of blankety-blanks."

Sometimes it works the other way. People are so disappointed that we're not funny that they get sore. There's a stock joke in show business about a comedian who came out of a night club feeling sick and asked the doorman to call him a cab.

"I've got a headache," he said.

The doorman sneered, "What's so funny about that?"

A comedian doesn't feel funny all the time. Not only that, he's never sure he's funny any of the time. We're never absolutely sure what's going over and what isn't. In sheer desperation we put what we thought was one of our worst gags in a parody of *The Brave Bulls*. The Toreador grabs the bull by the horns and the bull goes beep-beep like an old-fashioned auto horn and we crack, "Well what do you know—an Oldsmobile!" For some reason, that brought a terrific gale of laughter from the audience.

What we thought was one of our better gags didn't even prompt a smile. It was in Henry the Twenty-Second, a take-off we did on Henry the Fifth. The script went like this—

WAYNE: Men, we shall fight this war even if it takes a hundred years.

SHUSTER: One hundred years—that's awful.

WAYNE: Oh, I don't know, think of the veterans' benefits.

Well, we thought it was funny anyway, even if nobody else did.

Another gag that struck us as good fell silently on its nose in a parody of *Robin Hood*. In this, one of us calls

for a glass of sack. The sack is all gone so he says, "Then how about a sack of glass?" An equally stony silence greeted a line in a parody on the *Three Musketeers*, where d'Artagnan announces, "I'm a ding-dong daddy from Alexander Dumas."

When we listen to someone else's program and it isn't going over so well, we never say, "That stinks." We know how hard he worked on it, and how it feels to be up there knowing that you guessed wrong when you were working on the script. We feel more like buying the guy a drink.

On the other hand, we'll sit right through a program with a blank expression on our faces and, when it's over, switch off the radio and say, "That was one of the funniest shows I've ever heard."

Never Sold a Paper

We used to try our gags on our wives, but we don't any more. Wives aren't typical radio listeners. They like everything. We wouldn't want it any other way. Criticism we can get; good honest criticism by people who would like to slit our throats. We like our wives to think we're wonderful.

Anyway, as soon as we try a gag on someone, he isn't a normal audience. He becomes a judge. It's like handing someone a drink of water and asking him if it's good or not. The minute he has to think about it, he's lost.

We like our work and feel that we've made a reasonable success of it. Not only that, we did it without selling newspapers at the corner of Toronto's King and Yonge. According to most Canadian success stories, that corner must have been so crowded with newsboys in the good old days that pedestrians had to walk on the road to get past them. Our parents gave us a university education.

From the time we got together in Varsity days with a show called *Wife Preservers*, we've been lucky. We've never had one of those musical-comedy sponsors who keeps his talent trembling with the breakfast-table opinions of his wife, daughters and spaniel. Our sponsors have all left us alone. But we've had to produce, on schedule. We've been able to so far. One of the reasons is that we long ago decided it would be tough producing humor with ulcers. We decided we weren't going to have any.

We've set a maximum point of worry about any gag. Often we arrive at a situation that is potentially funny. Like when we have a skit in which we take a rocket ship to the moon. We know we should have something hilarious about the moon being made of cheese, but we kick it around and it just won't come. Probably it will come to us after the program but not when we're working on the script. We struggle with it for three hours and can't get it so we give up. We've learned just to keep working and take things as they come. It's our belief we can keep people laughing as long as we don't start thinking we're so funny that we stop working.

In the meantime, we have a lot of

ANSWERS TO HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 14

See page 38

1, Jimmy McLarnin, boxing; 2, Barbara Ann Scott, skating; 3, Ned Hanlon, rowing; 4, Percy Williams, sprinting; 5, Ethel Cotherwood, high jump; 6, Tom Longboat, running; 7, Tommy Burns, boxing; 8, George Young, swimming.

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**DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

laughs out of people who think comedy is a matter of moods and mad inspirations. It does us good. Last May we did a show that went wrong. We knew we had a poor house from the minute we got the "on the air" signal. We ignored it: one of the golden rules of show business. We plowed through as if the whole audience was in the aisles. If you keep going as if nothing had happened, and try to give everything just that much more socko, you can usually get an audience back with you. We never take that tack of insulting the audience. Get them mad at you and it makes things worse. We haven't been hit by any eggs yet, but we're not taking chances.

Anyway, a poor house doesn't necessarily mean your stuff is off. Maybe somebody fainted in the audience before you came on. If that happens, an audience can't shake its mood.

But that night we went home not feeling too good, for several reasons. One of them was the poor house. Another was that our kids' teacher had just congratulated our wives on having normal children, indicating that she'd expected them to wear false noses, squirt their playmates with trick flowers and give them exploding bubble gum. In our business, you can be sensitive about this sort of thing and a remark made with the best of intentions—such as the statement that your children are nice and normal—can get under the skin.

As we were coming up our street a couple of children stopped us and started clamoring, "Tell us a joke." They always do that. It's hard to get jokes to please kids but we told them the one about how you can't starve in a desert on account of all the sand-witches. They said what they always say: "That's terrible." This is a tradition with kids, like catching frogs.

As we reached home it was raining and it was May 24 and we'd promised our youngsters we'd set off fireworks, so we felt worse than ever. We waited, but instead of easing off, the rain turned into a steady downpour.

A promise is a promise and we didn't want to disappoint the children. So, although nobody else was lighting fireworks in our neighborhood, we got dressed up in sou'westers, oilskins and rubber boots. With the rain beating in our faces and trickling into our rubber boots we braved the torrent, went out on the lawn, fumbled with wet matches and sent a couple of soggy rockets skyward. They didn't work very well. The other junk didn't work very well either but at least we felt we were being good parents and not letting the kids down.

In about ten minutes we happened to look around and saw a small traffic jam out on the street. All the drivers were grinning. It dawned on us that they weren't giving us credit for being good parents. They had that too familiar expression: "There're those maniacs Wayne and Shuster. Those guys are mad—absolutely mad." They were waiting for a show.

It began to strike us as funny. Suddenly, we felt a lot better. We put on a show there in the rain. We danced the sailor's hornpipe, we belted nautical commands above the gale, we did everything but hold Roman candles in our mouths. And the audience was with us. We had a good house, there in the rain. Nobody knew it was one of the few shows we hadn't written, from nine till five with an hour and a half for lunch, and when we went indoors finally we decided it wasn't so bad after all, having people think you're funny. And we'd picked up a couple of ideas for next week's show. ★

"Any More Newspapers For Sale?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

their offices in the morning along with their furled umbrellas—Press News warned: "It is confidently expected Thomson will have further shocks . . . among the first no doubt will be news on the front page." It added that Fleet Street would be watching anxiously to see if Thomson expanded in Britain on his Canadian pattern. He already owned Canada Review, a weekly published in London, and had earlier been reported to be "negotiating for a southern England daily."

Back in Canada, the news revived the controversy concerning the dangers of chain publishing that has fitfully flared and smoldered over the past decade since Thomson began to pick up newspapers by the armful. Nearly fifty percent of Canadian circulation is now controlled by chains, of which Thomson's is numerically by far the largest.

All the eighteen Thomson papers in Canada, naturally enough, greeted the event with joyful trumpeting; some of

acquaintances who still can't see how he can bear to be parted from the Thomson Company, the intricate and highly successful machine that he built from a single small radio station. And it has given rise to wild rumors that the Thomson papers in North America are for sale. Thomson says that his only son, Kenneth, a thirty-year-old bachelor as retiring and restrained as his father is garrulous and unpredictable, will assume the presidency of the Canadian and American interests in "a year or so."

The Scotsman deal revived all the widely spread criticisms that have stuck to Thomson like burrs since he first attracted attention in northern Ontario twenty years ago; that he pays starvation wages, that he is a power-behind-the-throne in the Progressive Conservative Party, that he represents a threat to the freedom of the Press, that he doesn't care what his papers say as long as they make money for him, that he is anti-labor and that he is a shadowy man of mystery.

Most of these aspersions are patently untrue, others are debatable, but it is the last-mentioned that is strangest of all. Far from being mysterious, Thomson is often surprisingly frank about his past, present and future. He says, for instance, that he turned his first paper, the Timmins Press, into a daily on the basis of "a dollar down and chase me for the balance." He admits he keeps such a sharp eye on costs in his enterprises that he even knows the price of toilet paper. He says also that he can buy any paper in Lord Kemsley's chain "but Kemsley wants too much money." It is this last remark, repeated on several occasions, that has given rise to the bold prophecy that in another ten years Roy Thomson might be the biggest newspaper publisher in the world. Kemsley owns approximately forty-five papers.

Thomson, a bustling bulky man whose disarming manner conceals an iron will, can't understand why his Scottish purchase caused such a furor. As he looks at clippings hinting that he is a mysterious figure of high finance and intrigue, only his habitual nervous sideways jerk of the head reveals his irritation. "Look," he says, "everybody else is selling papers today, not buying them. If you had a paper for sale today, who would you offer it to? Why, you'd offer it to me. And chances are that I'd buy it." Canadian newspaper statistics show that in 1930 Canada had one hundred and sixty daily papers; last year there were only ninety—and three of those were new dailies created from weeklies by Thomson.

The story of how Thomson got the Scotsman, how he came very close to not being able to take it, and what he intends doing with it, illustrates the intricate pattern of his career.

In 1951 the Commonwealth Press Union held its conference in the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. Thomson, then president of the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association (he is now president of the Canadian Press), was there asking pleasantly—as is his custom at such gatherings—"Is your paper for sale?" A minority stockholder in the Scotsman Publications Ltd., asked in his turn, replied with a shocked negative. Thomson, who had never read a copy of the Scotsman in his life, didn't realize that a suggestion that the Voice of Scotland could be bought was akin to suggesting that Edinburgh Castle be turned into a tourist hostel. But his skin isn't that easy to puncture. With his engaging smile he rattled on: "Well, if there are any shanes on the market at any time, let me know." There was little likelihood of that, he was told frostily.

Turncoat

A furrier is a lucky man:
His wife will always lurk
Around his place in order to
Be wrapped up in his work.

MARY ALKUS

those outside his chain took a more critical and inquisitive line.

Arthur Ford, editor of the staid London Free Press, has several times expressed disquiet over the growth of Canadian chains. In 1951, when commenting on a Thomson purchase, he wrote, ". . . the growth of chain newspapers is not sound for the newspaper business or desirable for the public of Canada, placing as it does so much power over public opinion in the hands of a few." Ford was stirred to further comment last September: "Thomson's ambition seems limitless . . . Is he planning to be a new Lord Beaverbrook? . . . Will he wind up as the Duke of Toronto?" Ford added: "It is not likely he will interfere with the daily operation of the Scotsman or its editorial policy as long as it makes money . . ." Thomson has many times cheerfully admitted that he likes to make money; once he added: "With state socialism practically upon us, that's a sin."

The Owen Sound Sun-Times asked: "Is Roy Thomson heading for the House of Lords?" Flash, a sensational Toronto tabloid, began its story, "The octopus spreads another tentacle . . ."

The Toronto Telegram, whose publisher John Bassett Jr. is an unabashed admirer of Thomson, took a kinder view. Thomson, it said, was "rather a benign sort of publisher who allows his several newspapers to preserve and develop an indigenous character."

M. J. Coldwell, national CCF leader, had two years earlier in the House of Commons named the Thomson group specifically when he said, ". . . One of the menaces to freedom of speech and freedom of news is in the concentration of control over news services and facilities."

Thomson's own rider on the announcement—that he was going to live in Edinburgh and run the Scotsman himself—seemed incredible to many old

The next year, far from cloaking the possibility of his expansion to Britain, Thomson told reporters in his suite at Claridge's that he was trying to buy a provincial daily or a group of weeklies in Britain. When he returned to Britain last spring to launch Canada Review, the Manchester Guardian commented that "... Something more was in the wind ... Mr. Thomson appeared to be armed with a potent cheque book and stalking for very big game."

The next act opened back in Canada, where the curtain had gone up on the federal election campaign. Thomson, a lifetime Conservative, had accepted nomination as the PC candidate for the new riding of York Centre.

Soon after his candidature was announced, but before he had begun campaigning, he received a registered letter from Edinburgh. It gave him concrete belief for the first time that it might be possible for him to buy control of the Scotsman. It was a belated affirmative to the routine question he had asked in the Royal York Hotel two years earlier. And it set him perhaps the toughest personal problem of his career.

The Scotsman, long headed by Sir Edmund Findlay Bt., was the most powerful voice of Scottish nationalism, and it was not for sale to an Englishman. "If my name was spelled with a 'p' I couldn't have bought it," Thomson said later. It was not for sale to an absentee owner, either. But it badly needed an infusion of new capital (there is no elevator in its thirteen-story building) and some managerial change was indicated (it lost money in 1951 and 1952).

Is Success a Handicap?

Thomson's problem was this: by now he wanted the Scotsman more than he had ever wanted anything before—apart from the fact that he was sure he could make money with it, there's little doubt that its dignity and prestige appealed strongly to him after a lifetime of small-town and sometimes pinch-penny operations. But he was committed to try to win a seat in the House of Commons. If he failed to win and then bought the Scotsman, a lot of the cream of his coup would be skimmed by his ever-ready critics who would say he had turned his back on Canada in sour grapes. If he *did* win then how could he both fulfil his obligations to his electorate and still qualify as a resident of Scotland?

Thomson's decision was to take a rain check on Edinburgh and fling himself into the York Centre campaign with a zeal that astonished his party, his three opponents and the public. He had had a booklet written telling his rags-to-riches story but associates advised him not to distribute it. "It seems that failures make the best politicians," Thomson commented wryly. He worked out a package-deal tea party by which a co-operative housewife could give a tea for her neighbors with everything laid on—silver tea service, dainty sandwiches and cookies, and Roy Thomson. He blanketed the area with signs painted on a high quality building board—and nearby

residents waited impatiently for election eve so that they could grab the signs to help finish off their basements. One day he knocked on the door of a suburban bungalow and a woman's voice called, "Nothing today, thank you." Thomson yelled back, "I'm not peddling anything; I'm selling myself. Won't you come and have a look?" She came in a housecoat, with apologies.

The Liberal, Allan Hollingworth, beat Thomson for the seat by twenty-four hundred votes in a total poll of thirty-one thousand. William Newcombe, the CCF candidate, was a surprised third. He had been confident he would beat Thomson handsily, because the majority of the voters in the riding were in the lower-income groups.

Another thing that surprised Newcombe was the fact that although Thomson owned the Weston Times and Guide, a weekly circulating in the area, reports of CCF meetings got scrupulous fairness in the news columns. "I really thought he'd use the paper against me," Newcombe says, recalling Thomson's known dislike of anything socialistic. "But in some editions my reports would be on page one and Thomson's on page two."

Thomson says he stood for parliament because he thought that Ottawa could use some good businessmen. To those who suggest that he was hoping for a cabinet post in the event of a PC victory—or maybe an early senatorship—he says, "Look, I'm a director of the Gallup Poll of Canada. I *knew* that the Conservatives would get only thirty percent of the national vote."

Free from his election commitments, Thomson packed his cheque book and grabbed a plane for Edinburgh to make the deal of his life.

It didn't take long. Thomson has bought smaller papers without ever visiting the premises personally; he bought the Scotsman without ever having been a subscriber. He approaches a deal of this kind with an almost frightening singleness of purpose. No inspiring pitch by editors about the role of a newspaper in modern life can turn his head, which is bowed low over The Books. He loves columns of figures, percentages, budgets, estimates, accounts receivable; all the digits sift through the computing machine that is his brain and, tempered by the potential application of business systems that are his own creation, resolve themselves into a yes or no answer. Yet there has always been a streak of the gambler in Thomson, so he turns to his secretary-treasurer, Sidney F. Chapman, for his opinion. People close to them both say, "Roy gets the big ideas; Sid tells him if they'll work."

The way they saw it, they couldn't lose on the Scotsman. Thomson says that the total outlay involved was two million two hundred and forty thousand dollars. It has been reported that Thomson's personal share amounted to seventy-five percent of the stock of the operating company, at a cost of nearly one and three-quarter million dollars. The Findlay and Law family interests—the previous owners—presumably held the rest in the involved deal, but Sir Edmund Findlay, the former principal shareholder and chairman of the board, severed his connection with the firm. Two insurance companies—the Scottish Widows' Fund and Assurance Society and the Standard Life Assurance Co.—each took a bundle of preferred shares in the new organization.

Financial circles in Canada consider this remarkable; Canadian insurance funds are seldom invested in anything less solid than bonds. It is prima-facie evidence of the strength of Thomson's business reputation and indicates the practically unlimited resources of his



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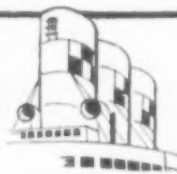
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credit. The naming of James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, to the new board of the Scotsman Publications Ltd. is yet another measure of Thomson's excellent connections.

Thomson's attitude to borrowing was clearly illustrated several years ago when a newspaper acquaintance mentioned longingly that he'd like to borrow about two hundred thousand dollars to buy a certain struggling daily. "Don't be a fool!" Thomson said. "Borrow a million and buy yourself a good paper."

Thomson believes there's no risk at all in his new venture. "You'd have to be crazy not to make money on these papers," he said. "The real estate and buildings alone are worth a million pounds."

Sid Chapman was held in Edinburgh to reorganize the allegedly chaotic business office. "My God," Thomson said, "coming from Canada you'd wonder how they could run a business like this. It wouldn't last six months back home... we're playing for keeps now."

The new board of directors met for the first time on Oct. 27 and immediately learned what was meant by "playing for keeps." Thomson opened the meeting at 10 a.m. sharp and thrashed the business through without a stop until after 2.30, riding roughshod over the time-honored luncheon ritual. Among the upper classes in Britain luncheon begins at 12.30 and runs leisurely on to 3 p.m.

One of the directors tugged at Chapman's sleeve after the meeting. "Doesn't this fellow Thomson have any sense of time?" he asked. "Not when there's work to be done," Chapman replied.

"Well, we have to keep regular hours around here, you know," the director continued. Chapman rejoined: "With Thomson, that's one habit you can forget." Lesser members of the staff had already been left slack-jawed at the sight of the chairman of the board bustling in to work at 8.45, grabbing a snack in the office cafeteria, and working on till 10 at night.

On his first working day Thomson had brushed aside Scotsman traditions like a charging moose. He shook hands with as many of the eight hundred and fifty employees as he saw, including the janitors. He introduced himself as "Roy Thomson—and this is my son, Ken." A group of minor executives and reporters were waiting to meet him in a room and after greeting them Thomson saw a couple of teen-age girls in a corner, obviously excluded. "Who are they?" he demanded. "Oh, just clerks," someone said. Thomson walked over and shook hands with them. "There will be no more of this isolation of executives and staff," he announced. "I'll eat lunch in the cafeteria every day." He did, too—bolting his food in twenty minutes flat.

In the first few months of his proprietorship Thomson flew back to Canada several times, checking in at the nerve centre of his publishing, radio and industrial complex—a large suite of modernistic offices on the top floor of the towering Bank of Nova Scotia Building on Toronto's King Street. Then he flew back to Edinburgh where he peered through his heavy lenses at circulation maps, studied floor plans for remodeling, advertising figures and production costs.

He hauled in all the Scotsman's senior men and asked for any complaints or suggestions. "I must sponge for ideas," he said. "Anything he doesn't know he learns damn quick," one staffer reported, admiration lurking in his Highland burr. Scotsman reporters began to warn erring colleagues: "Better take care, mon, or it's Moose Jaw for you!"

When Thomson says, "The Scotsman represents the greatest challenge I've ever faced," he is not referring entirely to the necessity of making the company show a good profit. His promise to run the Scotsman personally means that he must also become a first-class newspaperman. He says: "Up to now I've just been an accumulator of papers. Now I'm going to operate a paper day by day." It will be his policies that will guide the Scotsman, his final judgment that will rule on any editorial changes that may be made. And it is in this field that the main elements of the Thomson controversy have always rested.

Keenly aware of the criticism of newspaper chains, Thomson and his right-hand man, thirty-eight-year-old St. Clair McCabe, have a ready defense of their technique. Although they cheerfully admit that all the business aspects of the Thomson papers are tightly controlled by head office—in fact, that is the key to the Thomson system—they claim energetically that no Thomson editor has ever been told what cause to support.

It's Good Enough for New York!

The political philosophies supported in the editorial columns of Thomson papers show no pattern, unless it is a sharing of the general Canadian newspaper opposition to the CCF Party. Thomson's News-Herald in Vancouver supports Social Credit; the Prince Albert and Moose Jaw papers are Liberal (but the Prince Albert Herald supported John Diefenbaker in the last federal election); the Port Arthur Evening News-Chronicle is Liberal in federal matters and Conservative in provincial; the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph supports Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale. The Scotsman is traditionally Conservative in national policies, but often strongly critical of Westminster on Scottish affairs.

From the office of J. E. Slaight, Thomson's editorial supervisor, the Canadian editors are fed special editorial features, new columns and make-up ideas, but there is no evidence that compliance is demanded. Once a year all the editors come to Toronto to attend a pep-talk conference which is given the label "forum" to avoid any suggestion of pressure. Last year they discussed, in a long agenda, recent libel suits, the importance of "letters to the editor," and the value of features of

the "Enquiring Reporter" type. This last item, St. Clair McCabe pointed out mildly, was good enough for the New York Daily News (circ. two millions) to run every day.

Stung by a round of editorials which viewed—with alarm his rapid expansion, Thomson in 1951 published a full-page signed ad in several major newspapers. Under the heading, The Canadian People Deserve a Free and Fearless Press, he stated: "It is well for the general public to know that the only way to have an independent Press in this country is to have the Press independent financially. It simply means that newspapers should be, and in fact must be, profitable." Discussing the papers he had acquired, Thomson added: "not one of them, in editorial outlook and policy, was changed one iota by me."

Toronto Globe and Mail columnist J. V. McAree has several times taken a poke at the Thomson papers, not for trying, as one might suppose, to sway public thought in a certain direction but for not trying to sway it at all. He refers specifically to the towns where the Thomson paper has no competition and where it tends to sit primly on the fence in controversial matters to avoid giving offense to anyone. McAree and many others feel that newspapers fail in one facet of their purpose unless they give a strong lead to public thought. Professor A. R. M. Lower, of Queen's University, a well-known watchdog at the doorstep of Canadian culture, joins in this argument. He feels that the newspaper monopolies in the smaller cities tend to express a static conservative point of view and thereby make it more difficult to get any kind of reform movement going. Lower also believes that Thomson's international expansion sets a dangerous precedent. "If Americans were to start buying up Canadian newspapers they would control just about the last avenue of our public expression," he warns.

Thomson has listened to all this criticism with an attentive ear but it's doubtful if much that he has learned will help him in his present problems with the Scotsman. For now he seems bent on breaking his own rigid rules. He has often stated that newspapermen make poor businessmen; now many newspapermen are sitting back with obvious relish fully expecting the brash businessman Thomson to make a poor newspaperman.

In his very early days with the Timmins Press publisher Thomson would sometimes sell an ad and then have to scribble some copy to fill the rest of the space on the page. During World War II he got himself accredited as a war correspondent and went over to London and Paris. He sent back several undistinguished stories which were dutifully used by his papers and radio stations.

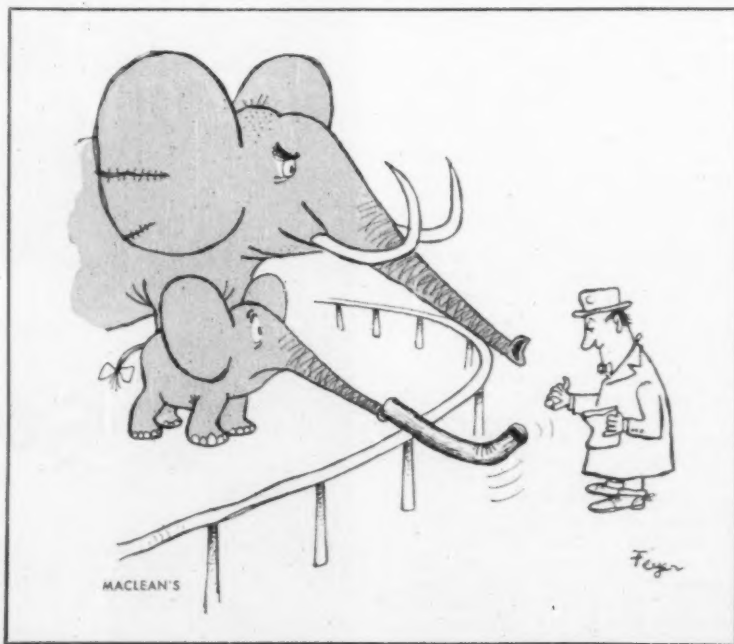
With this kind of editorial background—his reading, other than financial papers, consists entirely of paperback detective stories—Thomson is plunging boldly ahead with the twin aims of retaining the Scotsman's prestige and yet broadening its appeal (i.e., more circulation). "If I can't run the Scotsman myself I've got no right to be in it at all," he says. "It is something pretty awe-inspiring... There'll be no rash acts out of me." Then again, he told a reporter from World's Press News: "I run quite differently from the British newspaper policy. I worry more about the sales than the contents of the paper. Of course I have good writing... but in the long run it is the business side that counts."

Although his enthusiasm for his new property has led him to exclaim that Scotland is his native land, Thomson was born at 16 Monteith Street, in a seedy midtown Toronto district, on June 5, 1894. His father, Herbert Thomson, once a telegrapher and later a barber, was born at Markham, a village twenty miles northeast of the city. His mother was an Englishwoman from Bath. There were two children—Roy and a younger brother, Carl. Mrs. Thomson kept roomers, and Roy had a paper route for the Sunday edition of the long-defunct Toronto World.

He grabbed an education on the run through the Church Street School, Jarvis Collegiate and Elliott's Business School and began work, at fourteen, as a clerk for a coal company. After a few months he left that to join J. A. Scythes, of the Colonial Cordage Company, as a clerk at five dollars a week. About this time he also joined in a partnership with an aunt, Miss Sara Hyslop, who traded in cheap second mortgages. At first Roy helped her with her bookkeeping, then she took him in as a partner, allowing him to pay his share of the outlay on time payment from his wages. They plowed back all profits into more mortgages.

When Scythes began a manufacturing operation of his own he took Thomson with him and, sensing a selling ability in the amiable near-sighted youth, put him on the road. Thomson, sensing the commercial sagacity of his employer, cashed his mortgages and bought as much common stock in the new firm as he could. The company expanded and prospered and Thomson became Toronto manager at fifty dollars a week.

In 1917, when he was twenty-three, Thomson married Edna Irvine, a stenographer at Scythes', and he began to be plagued by the stirrings of a greater ambition. He had volunteered for overseas service in the war but was rejected because of his weak eyes and had accepted the unsatisfying substitute of a commission as a lieutenant in the home defense militia. In 1919 his restlessness got the better of his judgment and he quit Scythes', sold all but a few shares of his stock (he realized twenty thousand dollars for the seven thousand he had invested) and bought a six-hundred-and-forty-acre wheat farm near Holdfast, Sask. After six weeks he knew that he would never make a farmer and at the end of the summer he quit and returned to Toronto. At first he rented the farm, and then sold it but the buyer couldn't



keep up his payments. Thomson finally wrote it off, at a loss of about eighteen thousand dollars.

Far from scurrying back to the security of a salaried job (Scythes offered him a managership) Thomson, with a dogged and remarkable persistence, went looking for his million dollars down all the roads that were opened up by the industrial expansion and research of the war years.

His early ventures brought him a lot of rough - and - tumble experience, but not much else. He had tried to cash in on the prairie land boom. Back in Toronto he tried the mushrooming automobile business, setting up a company to supply parts to garages. He decided he could undercut Ford's price for its own axles, scalped the design and for a while turned them out of a little factory in Acton, Ont. When radio began to boom he was in partnership in Ottawa with his brother Carl in Service Supplies Ltd., a company that had grown from his Toronto experiments. He got practically the whole of northern Ontario as a sales district from the De Forest Crosley Radio Company and on one trip he sold more than one hundred receivers in Sault Ste. Marie, where the reception depended almost wholly on good weather conditions. "The only difference between me and other salesmen," Thomson has said, "is that I worked."

When the over-expanded economy nose-dived at the end of the Twenties, Thomson was stuck with a stock of radios on credit. Yet it was in 1931, at the pit of the depression, that he found the key to his fortune. For eight hundred dollars, most of it credit, he started his own radio station in North Bay. He even borrowed the license, CFCH, from the Abitibi Power and Paper Company.

Jazz Made the Sales Jump

It didn't seem such a dramatic move at the time. Radio reception from the distant stations was so poor in northern Ontario in those years that a prolonged spell of unsuitable weather could mean that Thomson would go weeks without a single sale. Pushed by desperation as much as by inspiration Thomson bought a used fifty-watt transmitter that measured eighteen inches wide by three feet high. He struck a deal with the Capitol Theatre in North Bay by which he got an unused dressing room for a studio in return for plugs for the current show. He rigged a portion of an old windmill on the roof for a transmitting tower. Soon a ten-mile area around North Bay was jumping to Thomson's canned music and his stock of sets began to move.

At the start he did not realize that he was sitting on a gold mine, that the mother lode of advertising dollars awaited his probing pick. But when the local merchants began to buy time to announce their Friday sales, Thomson was on his way. He still says today, "The most beautiful music to my ears is a spot commercial at ten bucks a whack."

The great mining strikes of the Thirties were tripling the population of the northern towns and, using CFCH as a springboard, Thomson started similar stations in Timmins and Kirkland Lake. And he became a newspaper publisher.

How Thomson in 1935 turned the moribund Timmins Press from a weekly into a daily has become a legend in the Canadian newspaper business. He had only one linotype and a creaky eight-page flatbed press.

His radio station in Timmins, CKGB, occupied the top half of a shaky frame building on Spruce Street; the ground

floor sheltered the Press. His station manager, Tommy Darling—now general manager of CHML, Hamilton—had an arrangement with the editor of the Press for a news commentary. Then a Roman Catholic priest, Father Theriault, launched an opposition paper in French and Darling made a similar arrangement with him for a French newscast. This caused a local rift and, when Darling claimed he had been insulted by a remark in the Press, Thomson raced up from North Bay threatening court action. The Press was owned in equal partnership by three men, only one of whom was actually operating it.

Thomson put a scare into the silent partners, pointing out that they were equally liable for anything the Press might say, now or ever. They asked him what they should do, and Thomson advised them to sell out. "But who would buy it?" they asked. On the spur of the moment Thomson said, "I would." "How much is it worth?" they wanted to know. "How about six thousand?" Thomson offered. Thomson didn't have the six thousand; at that moment he didn't have six hundred. He offered two hundred dollars down and promised to pay two hundred a month for the next twenty-nine months. They took it.

At the end of his first year as a publisher he had only been able to pay off one of his two-hundred-dollar notes. The temptation to quit and concentrate on his burgeoning radio properties must have been strong, but instead, pushed by his stubborn resolve, he decided to increase his worries by going daily.

Some of the results, to unfeeling critics, were hilarious. The Press might come out on time at 4 p.m. on a Monday, slip to 6 p.m. on Wednesday, and sometimes on a Saturday it would hit the dusty streets of Timmins at 9 p.m. When a sudden influx of advertising made a second section necessary Thomson sometimes ran short of type and filled the columns of page ten with news that was already in the same edition on page two.

At forty-one Thomson swallowed the scorn of the scoffers, the forebodings of the financiers, and settled down for nine years to fight his properties into prosperity. In the triangle of Timmins, Kirkland Lake and North Bay he won a reputation as a tough businessman and a tougher employer. One employee who owed Thomson a little money once asked him for a raise; Thomson convinced him he should take a cut and apply the difference to wiping out the loan. He bought out and closed the French weekly in Timmins and told Father Theriault, "Someday I'll be a millionaire."

He began to attract young aspirants in the radio and newspaper business who couldn't get a start in the cities and he wasn't slow to realize that a novice at apprentice rates can almost immediately produce plenty of copy, if quality isn't too important. He also hired older experienced men from the fringes of the city papers, including some spectacular drunks, at bargain prices. One young manager in the chain, who started work for Thomson in southern Ontario for fifteen dollars a week after holding a wartime commission, recalls that he sometimes put the paper out almost singlehanded while the city editor and sports editor conducted an awesome binge. Thomson's early staffing experiences later cemented into his conviction that men in the literate arts are a pretty fuzzy-headed lot.

He cut costs everywhere. There were even times when Thomson's salary cheques, small as they were, couldn't be cashed at the local banks

this
is
the
Gin



By Appointment
Gin Distillers
To the Late King George VI
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

*Quality
Incomparable!

***Gordon's**

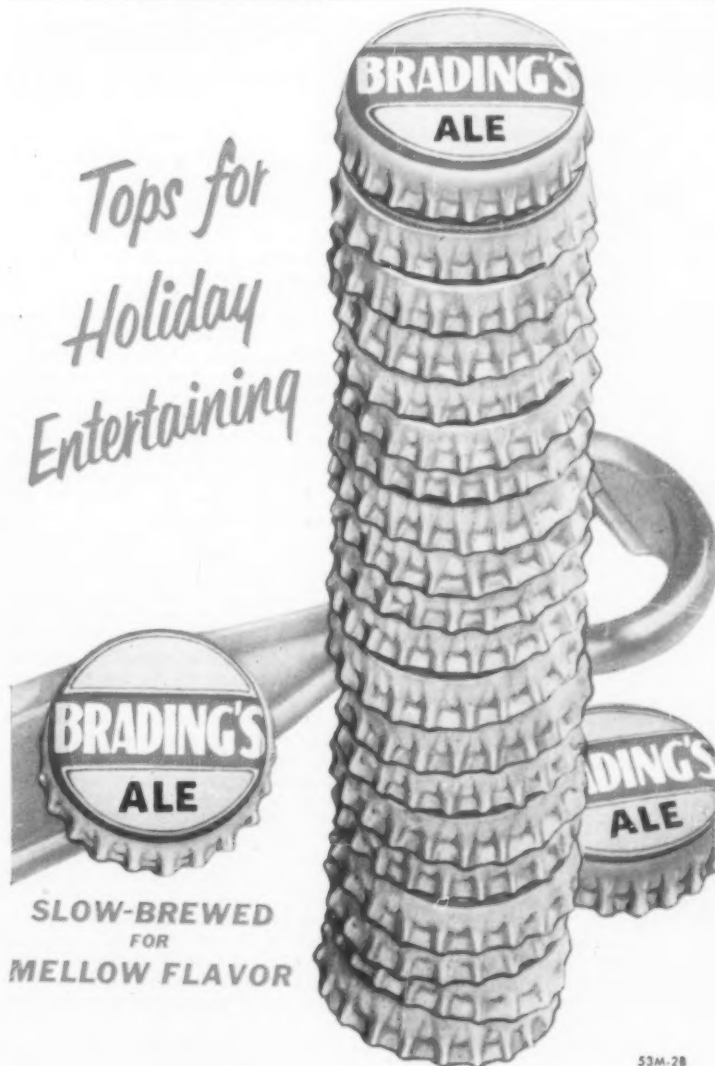
IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

STANDS SUPREME

Available in Various Bottle Sizes

TANQUERAY, GORDON & COMPANY, LTD.
—the largest gin distillers in the world

*Tops for
Holiday
Entertaining*



until company deposits caught up with them.

By 1944 Thomson had proved that he could make money and he was greeted with warm handshakes in banks that ten years earlier had refused him even trifling loans. He flashed out of the north country and planked down nine hundred thousand dollars for four dailies in the southern Ontario centres of Welland, Galt, Woodstock and Sarnia, which had been operated loosely as a group by a three-man partnership. He gave them back a bond for half the price, and borrowed most of the rest from banks. Tying them to the Timmins Press, he had five units on which to test his idea for central office financial control of papers which would remain independent editorially. It worked. "Today I wouldn't take a million dollars for the Sarnia paper alone," Thomson says.

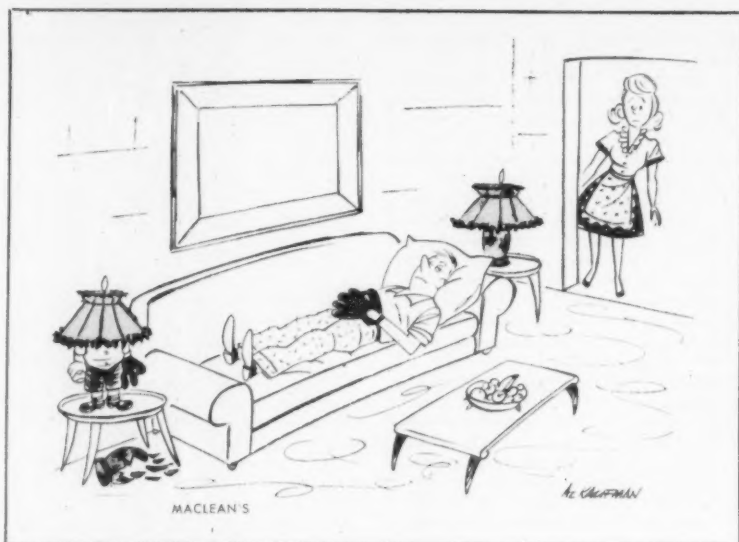
In the quick years that followed Thomson, now using money raised by public bond issue to bolster his bank loans, and forging new companies out of old in a bewildering succession, added paper after paper to his chain. Guelph, Moose Jaw, Chatham, Prince Albert, Port Arthur, Oshawa, Galt, Vancouver, Orillia, Brampton and Quebec became "Thomson towns;" in 1952 he bought the St. Petersburg Independent in Florida "to have something to do on my vacation."

He had attempted a parallel expansion in radio until the Radio Committee of the House of Commons recommended against multiple ownership in 1942. At that time Thomson, in association with Jack Kent Cooke, owner of station CKEY, had closed a deal with Senator Arthur Hardy to buy Hamilton's CHML for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. But Thomson's application for the extra license was turned down. He commented sourly, "Now that radio is so damn socialized I'll stick to papers from now on."

The association of Thomson and the younger Cooke is a story in itself. It began with Thomson giving Cooke his start in radio at twenty-five dollars a week, developed into a radio partnership and then they entered the magazine field together with New Liberty magazine. Thomson lost confidence in the magazine business and sold his interest to Cooke, who went on alone to put the magazine in the black. They are still equal partners in National Broadcast Sales Ltd., which represents their radio stations in the national advertising field.

In spite of rumor to the contrary, Thomson has never had a penny in CKEY, nor was he a silent partner in Cooke's bid to buy the Toronto Telegram when it was on the block in 1952. As a matter of fact Thomson had a secret understanding with John Bassett Jr. that if Bassett didn't succeed in raising the money to buy the paper himself then Thomson was willing to discuss some sort of partnership with him. Thomson adds that Bassett was willing to work for him as an employee, if it came to that. Bassett, of course, did raise the capital elsewhere—the investor is generally believed to be John David Eaton, although this has never been officially confirmed.

Although Thomson could in no sense be called a social climber—he refuses to pretend that he enjoys the arts even though he owns a Gainsborough and likes to sit around at home in his suspenders—over the last few years he has been quietly winning his way into the upper and ultra-conservative fastnesses of the Canadian man of means. He is co-chairman (with Louis St. Laurent) of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, is president of the Albany Club in Toronto and a mem-



ber of the board of governors of the Toronto East General Hospital. He is a United Churchman and a Mason.

But he is only really happy and content when he is talking business. "If I were ten different men," he says, "I'd be in ten times as many deals every day." He will literally talk for hours about his system of centralized control, to competitors or anyone who is interested. The magic word is "budget." Every facet of each business works on a budget, or a series of budgets. In the Canadian papers, it works this way: the individual publishers sit down with the head-office executives once a year and work out their prospective costs and their revenue aims—salaries, paper, ink, hydro, rent, photo-developer, birth-and-death notices, everything. Accountants swiftly translate this into the vital "cost per page." Sheet after mimeographed sheet is then drawn up to allow the publisher, and head office, to keep a firm finger on the paper's profit pulse. Each week the publisher reports on his "cost per page" and on his advertising lineage; each month on his "profit and loss," with a detailed analysis of unusual items. As these sheets come into head office the figures go under a gimlet scrutiny and are matched with the record for the previous year. If one paper is making its cuts at a lower price per inch than the others the reason is sought; if it can be made to apply generally, the new wrinkle becomes standard. If one paper is falling off in department-store ad sales, advice on how to restore the business flows out to that publisher. Head office controls all capital expense, and represents the papers as a group in the national advertising field.

A before-and-after-Thomson look at his papers generally produces two immediate opinions: most of them are better looking papers; they all look alike. Both of these results were achieved when Thomson hired Gilbert Farrar, an American makeup expert, and asked him to fix on the most practical design for the chain. Farrar suggested Karnak and Cairo type faces throughout and many sound, if routine, makeup ideas. There is a tendency for managing editors to follow Farrar slavishly, but, as Thomson says, "What do folks in Prince Albert care that the paper in Woodstock looks the same? Are they better than they were before—that's the important thing."

The look-alike of Thomson papers is magnified by the fact that many of them play the same Canadian Press stories in the same way. They are all linked to the teletypesetter service that

Thomson pioneered in Canada. Less its technicalities, this is a wire system by which editorial copy is typed on to a tape in the CP headquarters in Toronto and sent direct into the composing rooms of newspapers across the nation. It can be, and often is, fed right on without further editing through a linotype machine, which transforms the perforated symbols into words in type at the rate of twelve lines a minute—roughly twice as fast as the average operator can set. Thomson saw this machine at the Graphic Arts Exposition in Chicago in 1950 and, realizing the tremendous saving to be made by "packaging" most of his editorial matter, spent two hundred thousand dollars to build a teletypesetter link for his own papers. In 1951, under agreement with Thomson, the Canadian Press took over the system and expanded it to member papers. Editors refer callously to this electronic miracle as "the yard goods."

Will the Guild Get In?

Thomson points out proudly that his Scotsman was using a teletypesetter twenty-eight years ago to transfer news from London to Edinburgh.

To bolster his claims that his papers have gained a wider public acceptance since he took them over, Thomson points to his circulation figures. By last November his Ontario dailies as a group were showing an increase of ten thousand over the previous year. The Vancouver News-Herald claimed a ten percent gain.

Countering criticism that he packs his papers with ads to the detriment of news, he offers a breakdown of editorial and advertising percentages. On May 1, 1953, Thomson's figures show that the Timmins Press produced an eighteen-page paper with 47.2 percent advertising; the Toronto Star with fifty-six pages the same day carried 78.1 percent advertising. On Saturday Sept. 5 the Guelph Mercury with a total of a hundred and seventy-six columns carried 89.5 columns of news, divided this way: wire news, 14.9 columns; local news, 23; features, 7; comics, 12.6. Thomson claims none of his papers carries less than forty-five percent news.

The International Typographical Union has closed-shop contracts covering the composing rooms of all Thomson's Canadian dailies except three—Kirkland Lake, Timmins and Chatham. Although a conference of the Ontario Federation of Printing Trade Unions in 1950 pledged full support "toward organization of those units of

the Thomson chain where substandard conditions are developing" the ITU did not attempt to block the introduction of the Thomson teletypesetter that year. They got an agreement from Thomson that no one would be fired, even though the new system allowed drastic reduction in composing room staffs; the union in its turn agreed that Thomson need not replace all men who retired or quit.

Harry Finch, international representative of the ITU, says Thomson drives a hard bargain but sticks to it. He has been known to discipline individual publishers who have tried to deviate from agreed conditions.

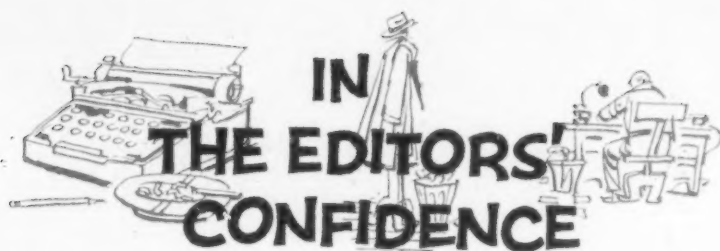
The only organized editorial workers in the Thomson chain are those of the Vancouver News-Herald but, with the American Newspaper Guild making major strides among metropolitan papers in Toronto, several of his publishers expect organization to begin within their papers. Some of them are likely to welcome it, even if unofficially: they hope that guild security will give them a chance to compete for the better type of newspaperman. The present individual arrangements in editorial salaries have resulted in some cases in a city editor being paid less than the man in charge of obituaries. But the guild will likely find that organizing within the Thomson chain won't be easy; Thomson, as president of the Canadian Press, took a leading part in the news service's successful fight against the CP guild last year.

Since his wife died at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., in 1951 Thomson has seemed a lonely figure to many people. Although he is easy to approach, he has made few lasting friendships. For the last few years in Toronto he has spent most of his evenings alone, often driving himself home in an unkempt Oldsmobile. He lavishes something more than affection on a twelve-year-old Scotty called Biff; in fact one of the main chores of the immigrant couple and two gardeners on his domestic staff is to make sure that Biff gets companionship and exercise during the day. Holes covered with rubber flaps have been cut in the wainscoting so that Biff can roam in and out as he pleases.

When Roy Thomson establishes a home in Edinburgh this month his son, Kenneth Roy, a Cambridge graduate, will take over Mississauga House, his twenty-eight-acre home near Toronto. With the two other Thomson children, Mrs. C. E. Campbell and Mrs. T. Elliott, Ken has for many years owned a large piece of the Thomson Company. With an eye on succession duties—Thomson estimates that he now controls assets worth between seven and eight million dollars—Thomson personally owns less than a quarter of his major Canadian property, the Thomson Company. Since he has up to now retained the general management himself he is in effect a salaried employee of his own children and his three grandchildren.

Thomson has often been asked why he keeps on trying to make more money. He will readily suggest that the comparative poverty of his childhood probably made him determined to succeed, but he laughs at suggestions that he, like Bennett and Beaverbrook before him, is heading for the House of Lords. "I'm not that kind of man," he says. He once tried to explain his attitude to money at length:

"Every man in Canada has a chance to amass a fortune and I see no reason why I shouldn't work to get my share of it," he said. "I agree that money isn't everything. It may not buy you immunity from death, for instance, but having the funds to hire top-notch doctors certainly helps to delay it." ★



Writers, Care and Feeding of

WE HAVE long been interested in the care and feeding of writers, twin problems that have occupied a good deal of our editorial day. By and large we have discovered that writers (and photographers, too) are a hungry, temperamental crew who live on nerves and raw beefsteak. For these reasons, we are rather glad that we are not wedded to any of these people. Being a writer's wife, we feel, is an exacting job, akin to sheep tending. Sheep are nervous creatures who quite often die of worry and other simple maladies, and their care is entrusted only to people of even temperament and firm constitutions. The wife of a Maclean's contributor, in our view, needs similar qualities. This is especially true because most writers claim they are wedded, not to their wife, but to their work.

We have been taking a poll of contributors' wives and are happy to pass along such scraps of information as are relevant to this thesis. Kathleen Porter, wife of McKenzie Porter, for example, bears out our analogy of sheep tending. She shears her husband. "For the past five years," she writes us, "I have cut his hair for him. Even then I have to lead him to the bathroom by the ear to get him to sit for me." Mrs. Porter says that when her husband is writing, "he lives almost entirely on the flesh of beast, fowl and fish. No milk and crackers for him."

Similarly, Emily Bannerman has had to get used to James eating steak, sweetbreads and scallops for breakfast. In addition, she tells us, she has long since got used to being awakened at 5 a.m. to hear some hilarious item out of the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Association

for 1914. (Bannerman is currently working on an article about apples.) Mrs. Bannerman is not fazed by any of this. She was a CWAC officer during the war and found it excellent training for her present tasks.

Greater love hath no woman than Solange Karsh who accompanies her famous husband, Yousuf, on all his trips, acting as his manager and researcher. When Karsh gets stuck in a small community where he doesn't trust the cooking, Solange invades the restaurant kitchen and prepares the meals herself. Karsh's job is taking pictures. Madame Karsh's job is keeping Karsh in shape to take pictures.

With all this gustatory activity it is refreshing to discover a wife who keeps food away from her husband. (May we make the obvious remark, in passing, that the old phrase "starving writers" hardly seems to apply these days?) Fergus Cronin's wife, Lou, has him on a strict diet and we gather that she feels this has improved his output. It's all very involved, having to do with the action of saliva on proteins and hydrochloric acid on carbohydrates, but we'll take her at her word. On the other hand, Helen Allen, wife of Robert Thomas, has only one task while her husband is working: he lives on coffee and she has to bring it to him on a sort of moving belt. Without coffee, RTA runs down like a car out of gas. Robert Collins, out in Calgary, is much the same except with him it's peanut butter, so his wife Ruth writes us. Give Collins enough peanut butter and he'll make Somerset Maugham look sick. Well, *chacun à son goût*, as the French say. We're taking French lessons, here at Maclean's, but that's another story. ★



Solange manages all details to keep her Yousuf happily snapping.



Army training helps Emily cope with foibles of husband James.



An occasion for celebrating!

Father has borne up bravely—and deserves his celebration with lighter, smoother Anniversary Ale. It's brewed especially for occasions like this, with a lightness and smoothness that will make tomorrow as happy as today,

combined with all the body and character traditionally Labatt's*. For you—feeling thirsty is enough occasion for a bottle, or better still a case of lighter, smoother Anniversary Ale. John Labatt Limited.

**The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's*

Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada
LIGHT-WEIGHT WARMTH AND COMFORT

Tremendous strides have been made in the past decade in the matter of providing men with clothing of greater warmth and personal comfort. We think the designers — those who create sports and business wear — have done an outstanding job. Men's overcoats, for example, have something new to offer in extreme lightness plus adequate warmth against any weather because of a new lining development. Metal is now impregnated into the back of a lining fabric which acts as insulation. This retains normal body heat and, at the same time, repels wind. With this lining it is now possible to wear an overcoat many pounds lighter and still be comfortably warm. This new lining has been introduced to active sports clothing so that skiing and skating outfits are lighter and more comfortable than ever before.

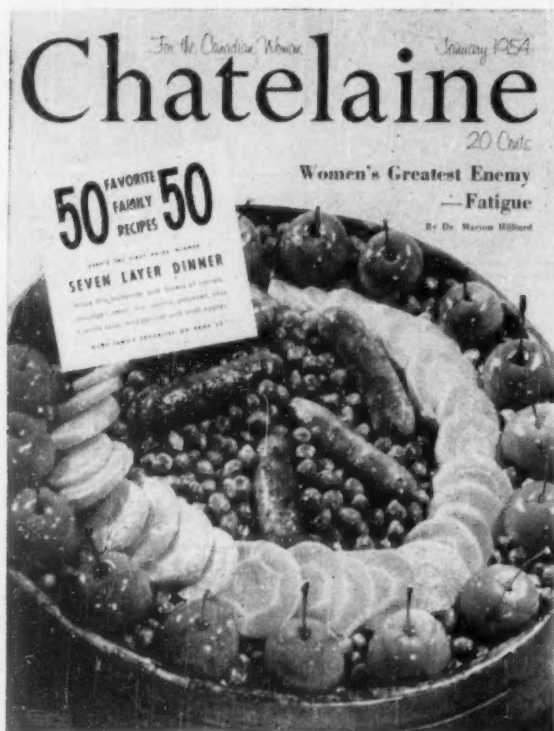


In active sports wear the many new man-made fibres have found an important place. Because of new synthetic yarns, winter sports slacks and jackets are more waterproof, windproof, mildewproof and mothproof. Combinations of these fibres have increased the thermal properties of active work clothing to such an extent that a man, if lost in the bush, could actually sleep in his clothes and not freeze. Consider the boon this will be for bush workers and prospectors who must withstand sub-zero temperatures.

No sir, you need never shiver outside in a Canadian winter whether you work or play, because our designers have solved the problem for you.

AN ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED TO BETTER CLOTHES BUYING
BY MACLEAN'S, CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Chatelaine's Exciting Cookbook Issue



50 Favorite Family Recipes

Only in Chatelaine can you get these fifty home-tested favorite recipes from good cooks all across Canada. See how easily you can make these hearty supper dishes, luscious new desserts and tasty tidbits that have become family favorites . . . each one a proven success that will delight your family and friends . . . each one with a distinctly Canadian flavor. They're all in this brand new edition of Chatelaine's popular "January Cookbook" issue now on sale.

Woman's Greatest Enemy — Fatigue

Fatigue can break up your marriage, bring on mental illness or shorten your life. Dr. Marion Hilliard, chief of staff of the Women's College Hospital, Toronto, reveals how you can combat this enemy that strikes during the three most critical periods in a woman's life.

ALSO IN JANUARY ISSUE

- How an Expert Helped One Family's Budget
- "The Biggest Night of the Week" by Kate Aitken
- Beautiful Women I Have Shot, by photographer Desmond Russell
- Fashions, Fiction, Recipes.
- PLUS: Complete Menus for Every Meal in the Month

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Read by more Canadian women than any other woman's magazine

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You, too, can save money by becoming a regular subscriber to Chatelaine. The low subscription rates mean a great saving and, as a subscriber, you will be sure of seeing and enjoying every issue of Chatelaine. Use this coupon to subscribe today.

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A JUNIOR Sunday school in Lakefield, Ont., had a project with Plasticine one morning to construct objects mentioned in the Bible. One six-year-old built a wonderful model of Noah's ark, complete with television aerial.

A young mother in Burlington, Ont., has solved the problem of between-meal handouts which neigh-



bors kept giving her three-year-old daughter. Now the little girl goes around with a cloth sign pinned to her reading, Please Do Not Feed Me.

A young London, Ont., milkman who has carefully trained his horse to move along when whistled at got into trouble recently. On his route he whistled, and a pretty blonde passing by turned and slapped him smartly across the face.

An open letter to the Minister of Justice penned by an inmate of the federal penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul, Que., appeared recently in the jail's magazine, Pen O Rama.

"With my bare face hanging out," he wrote, "I admit that I am guilty of the charge to which I pleaded not guilty and which I was convicted of. My lawyer defended me so eloquently that it is a wonder he did not come to the penitentiary with me. That's not so important however, as we have enough lawyers here without him.

"Since having been here I have made the rounds, talked over this and that with these and those, and to my horror and amazement discovered that, aside from me, everyone here is innocent. Each one has convinced me beyond dispute that he was framed, illegally convicted, or just a plain victim of circumstances. Imagine my embarrassment, sir, to learn that I, alone, of all who reside here, am guilty.

"In view of the fact that all here, with the exception of myself, are innocent of wrongdoing, and considering that it would be utterly impossible to release all of these innocents at one fell swoop, I would most patriotically volunteer to be released myself so that I would not be the means of corrupting these innocents."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A Hull, Que., recorder was interrogating two men charged in a car-truck accident.

"Why didn't you tell your companion he was about to crash into the rear of the truck?"

"I couldn't see the truck," one of the men replied. "I was drinking a bottle of beer at the time."

"And what about your friend, the driver? I suppose he was drinking a bottle of beer too?"

"Oh no, sir. He had a bottle of rye."

The public school at Hope Bay on Pender Island in British Columbia has a new fence built by a bachelor called Swede. It's a perfectly sound fence, made of wire and timber, with a wide gate, but halfway along one side, Swede cut a good-sized hole in it. The school trustee asked why?

Swede said, "I know kids. You put in a gate and they climb over the fence. This way, they all go through the hole and the fence lasts longer."

When the Naval Officers' Association in Winnipeg decided to hold a ball recently, the executive thought the word "formal" on the ticket



might discourage some of the husbands. But they sent the tickets out anyway and followed them up a few days later with a note to all the wives. It read: "Your husband was sent tickets for the Naval Officers' Ball. Has he told you about it yet?"

The turnout was magnificent.

A Vancouver motorist drew up at a stop light and felt a bone-rattling jar as a woman driver behind banged her car into his. To be on the safe side, he let her get in front as they moved down the next block but, at the next stop light, through an error in gear-shifting, she roared into reverse and banged him from the front. He then got out, walked to her car, took her keys, and handed them to a curb policeman. "Woman isn't fit to drive," he said, tersely, and then drove off.

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